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CONTEMPORARY PROFILE—

WHAT DENIS HEALEY THINKS

WILFRED ALTMAN

THE untimely passing of Aneurin Bevan suddenly focuses attention on the man who now assumes command as Labour's chief spokesman on foreign affairs.

In the higher strata of the Labour Party, Denis Healey is something of a rarity. He was at Oxford when General Franco and others rose in revolt against the legally constituted and elected Government of the Spanish Republic. Ever since then, for more than 20 years, international affairs have been his first love. A Chatham House stalwart (he was one of its Councillors for more than a decade) and member of the Council of the Institute of Strategic Studies, he served for some years as Secretary of Labour's International Department, and during World War II as a Major in Combined Operations. He has twice visited Russia and Hungary, as well as other States, to gain first-hand experience.

He is thus not only well-qualified to comment on international affairs and on defence, but his views, expressed in Parliament and in the press

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at home and overseas, have earned widespread respect. Even the *Daily Telegraph* found that one of his recent Fabian tracts (*A Neutral Belt in Europe*) "reduces this hitherto vague and nebulous concept to fairly precise and manageable terms." And the *Observer* deemed it "the most serious examination yet of the political and military problems of 'disengagement' in Europe."

Two further reasons may explain the high regard in which Denis Healey is held alike by Socialists and non-Socialists. At a time when the majority of Socialists have been pre-occupied with Clause 4 and with internal constitutional reform, he has stuck to foreign affairs and defence. Moreover, he is completely free of bombast; he is kindly and thoughtful, and beneath the intellectual precision, there is a deep human sympathy for the underdog. (There is also a great deal of libertarianism in his mental make-up.)

Sympathy such as he showed, for example, to Hungarians at the time of the terrible and glorious days of the Revolution of 1956; and the belief in fundamental human rights and values implicit in his articles and booklets on disengagement and defence.

"The suffering of the Hungarian people in October and November, 1956, was one of the most tragic events in history," he told a meeting last year to commemorate the third anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution. It was one of those events "which mark a people for the whole of its historical existence. The only thing comparable in this century was the impact on the Polish people of their terrible experiences in Warsaw in 1944."

Was it really worthwhile? he asked. From his own knowledge of the event, he suggested that in October, 1956, the Hungarian people had found its soul. As in 1456 and in 1848, it yet again became one of the heroic peoples of European history, "and I think it will always be conscious of this rôle."

But the absolutely decisive impact it made on the West was that it destroyed the feeling that a Communist régime could utterly change a people's basic spiritual characteristics. "... In a sense, the Hungarian people then taught a lesson to all of us who had failed to recognize the fact that the fundamental flame of human freedom cannot be quenched in any circumstances by even the most sophisticated and cunning of modern totalitarian techniques. And I think everybody since 1956 has had a sense of shame and indeed a sense of guilt that they could ever have had so little faith in modern freedom." (Here I may interpolate that a Liberal of the Millite faith like Clement Davies or the late Hopkin Morris would have learned that lesson long ago.)

He may well have made a shrewd, and as we may yet find, correct assessment of the impact of the Revolution on the Russians themselves, which he observed during a visit in August, 1959.

It was the first time in Soviet history that the Russians found themselves moving their tanks to suppress what was clearly a proletarian revolution. And was not a general strike (as in Budapest) the classical traditional instrument of a revolutionary working-class, according to the lessons which the young learn in the Soviet Union? Tens of thousands of young Russians happened to be in Hungary. They saw what was happening with their

own eyes. Many of them made friends with Hungarians and suffered in consequence. The ferment, as Healey averred, "which was created even by this small yeast inside the whole mass of the Soviet people will continue to work until it helps to produce profound modifications in the Soviet system itself."

What seemed especially suggestive was the importance he attached to a relevant statement by Khrushchev himself. Talking to the workers of Csepel Island, he had declared in his frank way: "We came to help you Communists the last time you got into trouble . . . If you get into trouble again—to hell with you; we are not going to help you again."

This was reported widely in the press and then suppressed by Soviet censorship. In Healey's view, however, the statement "may represent something fundamental in his (Khrushchev's) own attitude to problems. He believes that Mr. Khrushchev, and perhaps other Soviet leaders too, "are open to persuasion that their system is not worth maintaining in its present form in Eastern Europe if it can only be maintained by the military force of the Soviet Army."

Much of the new thinking within the Labour Party on defence strategy, as distinct from day-to-day pre-occupations with tactics, has been the responsibility of Denis Healey. One suspects that Mr. Gaitskell's proposals for a non-nuclear club sprang from Healey's warning about the dangerous spread of nuclear weapons. For Leeds, the city not only of Sir Montague Burton but also of that robust, high-quality Conservative county—and national—newspaper, the *Yorkshire Post*, returns both Gaitskell and Healey to the Commons. "I believe," wrote Healey in his Fabian essay, *The Race Against the H Bomb*, "my thesis will remain unassailable; that the new technology of warfare has ruled out the hope of national security, except through international control of armaments, and that the most urgent problem facing mankind is to stop the spread of nuclear weapons."

"Until either comprehensive global disarmament can be achieved," he continued, "or the political problems arising from the post-war division of Europe can be solved through some form of disengagement, the security of Western Europe is likely to depend in the last resort on the balance of thermo-nuclear power between Russia and the United States. All the evidence suggests that in present circumstances neither of the great powers has the slightest intention of risking even local war in the pursuit of its aims in Central Europe. But if NATO continues to seek additional security by pursuing a local arms race against Russia in Central Europe, this stability is far more likely to be upset than reinforced, and one of the consequences will be the further disintegration of NATO itself. Thus the regional control of armaments in Europe may be a precondition of NATO's survival as well as a precondition for stopping the spread of nuclear weapons."

But even if the NATO countries succeed in thus creating the necessary conditions for stopping the spread of nuclear weapons in Europe, the larger problem of stopping their spread elsewhere will not be a simple one.

According to Healey, although it is probable that all the non-Communist countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America would at this time prefer

permanent international control of their atomic development rather than live in the thermo-nuclear jungle which is otherwise inevitable, the recalcitrance of Communist China could still wreck any agreement. This is no reason, however, for not attacking the problem energetically.

What is clear, Healey points out, is that: "No country in the world can any longer hope for absolute security except through a comprehensive and universal disarmament system which implies the creation of something very close to world government. But very few countries in the world have ever enjoyed total security. The real problem now is to reverse the trend. Unless steps are quickly taken towards stopping the spread of nuclear weapons we shall soon be looking back on the worst days of the Cold War as a golden age of peace and international understanding."

He regards it as fortunate that the increased capacity of nuclear weapons has given America and Russia a clear common interest for the first time since the Cold War began—an interest in trying to freeze the distribution of world power along the lines in which it settled after the end of the Second World War. "And it has given their Allies a similar common interest in ensuring that any such freeze in the balance of power should involve limitations on the freedom of action of America and Russia themselves no less than the rest of the world."

Thus the impact of the new weapons on international relations is, says he, not wholly negative. "The very magnitude of the danger they represent may evoke a response of comparable grandeur—if it does not, the species *homo sapiens* may disappear for failing to live up to its name."

Denis Healey may well turn out to be not simply the best spokesman on international affairs in the Labour Party, but a very good one indeed. Meanwhile, there are those, of course, who would suggest that, if Earl Attlee was in fact the last Socialist Prime Minister, and if, as pessimists avow, the country is due for 30 years of Conservative administration, Denis Healey may have to subject himself to what the pundits call an "agonizing re-appraisal". Could he not blossom forth by 1980 or 1981 as a member of the First Grimond Cabinet?

THE CARGO SHIP

The cargo ship that sails tomorrow
Is fathoms deep in her Sunday sleep,
Her crew ashore, her decks and derricks
Idle at last from days of loading,
Yet beyond the harbour's widening sweep
Rowing boat, speedboat, yacht and wherry
As many as bubbles or flowers in park-beds
And sunnily prinking like butterflies
Are riding the moment and making merry.
Alone, the Titaness, grimed and oily,
Is sleeping. Yet what a dignity lies
About her, who toiled with Alps of waters
To arrive here, and now quietly dreams
Of destinies and destinations
Beyond the farthest of morning's beams.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

BEN TILLET
ROGER FULFORD

BEN TILLET, who was born on September 11, 1860, could—not unjustly—be described as a Labour extremist but a political reactionary. He was one of the most brilliant exponents of the strike as an instrument by which things could be achieved and, gifted as he was with supreme courage and great eloquence, he used the instrument with maximum effect. But in the larger and more important field of politics the same gifts were less effective because they were unattached to any instinctive capacity for the great political issues of the day, and too tightly harnessed to the interests of class.

There indeed lay (and lies) the fundamental weakness of the Labour Party: its strength rested on passionate feelings about industrial and domestic injustice which ill equipped its members to face the great political storms which were to characterize the twentieth century. Many years before, Palmerston made the point when he said that if working men found their way to Westminster they would start raising matters outside the province of legislation like wages and then, with characteristic flippancy, he forecast that Parliament would be concerning itself with the grievances of journeymen bakers. We are justified in feeling deeply moved by such grievances—the night work and baker's legs, feet and back are all distressing troubles which are liable to afflict those who stoop over an oven. But Palmerston would have said that such things should not absorb the attention of 600 intelligent men to the exclusion of the machinations of Louis Napoleon or the grip of Vienna on the liberal aspirations of Southern Europe. This narrow political vision has been the weakness of the twentieth century House of Commons, and Tillet's career focuses attention on it.

His origins were conventional in the sense that they did not differ from those of his great contemporary Labour leaders—Tom Mann, Harry Gosling, John Burns, Will Thorne and, later, Ernest Bevin. His father, also Benjamin, was of Irish origin, and he lived at Bristol, working as a labourer on the railway. At the age of eight, Benjamin the younger left home: he joined a circus and then the Royal Navy which ill-health compelled him to leave for the Mercantile Marine. He then became a tea-porter at the London docks and in 1887 he was largely responsible for founding the Tea Operatives Union—one of the feeder streams which eventually helped to start the mighty Transport and General Workers Union.

His was perhaps the most prominent name associated with the great London dock strike of 1889. He and Tom Mann were largely responsible for the start of the strike and for its leadership in the early stages. The strike did not spring from any attempt by the Companies to reduce wages: rather it was a "prosperity strike"—that is a strike for improved conditions based on the prosperity of business. After it had been going for some time John Burns and one or two other experienced men joined the strike leadership—again an interesting point because this marked an alliance between the aristocracy of labour and the operatives or agitators far lower down

in the hierarchy—such as Tillett. The strike, with its simple slogan of sixpence an hour, known as the Docker's Tanner, stirred great public sympathy and it was settled in the dockers' favour. Cardinal Manning's intervention, though exploited and exaggerated by Roman Catholic trumpeters, played a part in the settlement. All these things, together with the masterly account of all the swaying fortunes of the strike by Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith and Vaughan Nash (afterwards private secretary to two Prime Ministers), have imprinted it on the historical conscience of the nation. But if it is not presumptuous the present writer respectfully agrees with Sir John Clapham that the story of the strike is so good that we almost unconsciously give more importance to it than it historically deserves. The reader who wishes to see Tillett in his full glory is strongly advised to turn up Smith and Nash.

For the next 20 years Tillett worked hard to strengthen the dock workers' union and to consolidate the various types of union connected with the docks into a single body. This was virtually achieved in 1910. Two years later, in May, 1912, Tillett was once again at the head of a great London dock strike. But an attempt to spread the strike beyond London was not successful and Tillett had to accept defeat in July. He could not be said to have done this with a good grace. At a demonstration on Tower Hill he invited those present to repeat after him the words: "O God, strike Lord Devonport dead". This successful grocer, after a spell in office under the Liberal Government, was the resolute chairman of the Port of London Authority. Mr. Cunninghame Grahame who followed Tillett agreed with the prayer, only adding that he thought the Great Power was on strike too. Such stern stuff makes our industrial struggles of the 1950's seem like a croquet party at the Rectory. But as Chesterton reminded his contemporaries such bitterness could shock:

*We whom great mercy holds in fear,
Boast not the claim to cry,
Stricken of any mortal wrong,
"Lord let this live man die!"*

Yet if there were errors of taste, prompted by indignation, organized labour owes a great debt to Tillett both for his self-effacing skill in organization and for his gifts of evangelistic oratory.

Turning now to Tillett the politician we find the picture less clear-cut and the colours of triumph less conspicuous. He was one of the founders of the I.L.P. and of the Labour Party: perhaps if he had had the good fortune to be elected to the House of Commons earlier than he was—he was elected for Salford in 1917—he might have been a more considerable force. He first stood for Parliament in 1892—fighting West Bradford against Arthur Illingworth and a Conservative and being only narrowly beaten. There was nothing of the cloth-cap about Tillett: he appeared in Bradford in a voluminous black coat and a wide black hat looking—as one of his chief supporters said—like a parson. He did less well in 1895, and is believed to have shown wisdom by favouring some kind of compact between Liberal and Labour in Bradford. But he seems to have moved away from this position for we next hear of him at the Labour Party Conference in 1906 moving a resolution that membership of the Party

should be confined to Trade Unionists. This was defeated but by no means decisively. He was not the first man to wish for a purely working-class party in the House of Commons—kept inviolate from the inevitable roguery of the professional classes. From then onwards though still outside the Parliamentary Party he assumed a highly critical attitude to it—accusing its members of being mere lackeys of the Liberals. The occasion of this quarrel was temperance, for like Mr. Wegg in *Our Mutual Friend* Tillet was “always one to partake”. In 1909 he published a ferocious pamphlet called *Is the Labour Party a Failure?* Some of the leaders were singled out for vilification because they had appeared with Liberal speakers on temperance platforms.

Two years later—as we learn from Mr. Gollin’s absorbing history of *The Observer*—he fashioned a vigorously worded letter to that journal: the only clear passages in it seemed to be a loathing for Liberals “who are as antagonistic to the rights of the toilers as the Tories could ever be”. Garvin concocted from Tillet’s effusion a leading article urging that Lloyd George and the Tories should come together. Where Tillet, in common with many Labour men of that time, failed was in not distinguishing between the great political issues of the day—Ireland, the House of Lords, Woman’s Suffrage, self-government within the Empire, and foreign affairs, and the important—but less important—social issues or rights of the toilers. He spoke of the Liberals as past-masters of political bluff in what he called the Game-Political, but the political issues were the real issues, fought in deadly earnest, not as a game, and in which bluff had no place. His letter shows that he had no real understanding of what was afoot. He finally sat in Parliament for Salford, North, from 1917 to 1924 and from 1929 to 1931.

During the war he was one of the leaders of “patriotic” Labour. He published a rousing pamphlet in 1917, *Who was Responsible for the War—and Why?*. He started from the premise that the Central Powers had devised “a carefully engineered plan to establish a world autocracy”. Writing after the entry of the United States into the war he thought that this was an advantage because “a very large proportion of her people are accustomed to open air life and to the use of the gun”. Six years later, with Mr. Creech Jones and Samuel Warren, he compiled a report for the Transport and General Workers Union on the French occupation of the Ruhr: in an introduction he defined their object as a wish to inform British trade unionists of their alarm “unallayed by the make-believe of Peace, of hypocritical diplomacy, its mining and counter-mining in a sordid world of lies, preparing a volcano of hate whose lava will engulf the world again in ruin and destruction.” No-one, reading this now faded document, could deny the fairness, humanitarian sympathy and foresight on which it is based. But we may legitimately wonder how many members of the Union read it? Should not a document like this have been addressed to the nation and not to a tiny fraction of the people? While we salute the splendid achievements of a man endowed with the most meagre of worldly advantages, we can fairly say as Goldsmith said of Burke:

*Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.*

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—

PRESIDENT AYUB KHAN

ALFRED JOACHIM FISCHER

FIFTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Field-Marshal Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan, received me for an exclusive interview at Rawalpindi, the new capital situated in the extreme north of this far-flung republic, four hours by plane from Karachi. Since the unbloody revolution of October 7, 1958, all power rests in his strong hands. Field-Marshal Ayub Khan heads not only the Presidential Cabinet. He is responsible at the same time for the Ministry of Defence and the Ministry of Kashmir, the latter being a key post for political reasons.

But his strong position is mainly founded on moral authority. Since October, 1958, the administration is far less corrupt, the towns have become cleaner, new roads have been built, a land reform has been proclaimed and legions of refugees have been transferred from miserable hovels to settlements fit for human beings. Social welfare has also been carried into some of the villages. A progressive school system is in the making. After years of stagnation, which had led the State to the verge of bankruptcy, the 80 million Pakistanis dare again believe in a better future. They regard Ayub Khan as a living symbol of this hope. Today his voice, dictated by common sense, is the voice of Pakistan.

President Ayub Khan's residence, the former home of the British Commander-in-Chief, is surrounded by a spacious park with high fir trees. His office is plainly furnished, the biggest piece being the writing desk with its four telephones in black, white, green and yellow.

Field-Marshal Ayub Khan's face, with the small moustache and the horn-rimmed spectacles, wears a determined expression. His broad shoulders under the white jacket seem to be able to carry any load. Naturally this former Sandhurst cadet speaks fluent English. He replies to every question without hesitation, although the microphone stands in front of him.

COMMONWEALTH—A VERY EFFECTIVE ORGANISATION

The President praises the hospitality extended to him by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. He is happy that both have accepted his invitation to pay an official visit to his country. The conferences of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers are in his opinion "interesting and very educative". Their strength lies in their loose organization. They are therefore more adaptable to changing conditions, according to the Field-Marshal.

CENTO AND SEATO

Pakistan is the only country in this sphere which is at the same time a member of CENTO and SEATO. President Ayub explains this by the geographical and strategical situation of his Republic, whose Western and Eastern wings are separated by 1,200 miles of Indian territory. "One half is nearer to the Middle East and therefore we belong to CENTO and

the other half is nearer to the Far East and therefore we also belong to SEATO. As a connecting link our responsibility has become much greater. Any threat to the Middle East affects the security of our country and similarly any threat to the Far East is a danger signal for us too. Therefore we have to be constantly on the alert. Unfortunately, however, we have not all the resources we need. Pakistan has made efforts to get CENTO and SEATO organized on the NATO model. But this proposal has not been accepted so far."

DEFENCE BUDGET AND FOREIGN AID

The President regards Pakistan's expenditure of more than two-thirds of her budget on defence as a bitter necessity:

"If not, we would lose our country."

He acknowledges with gratitude the help of the Commonwealth States through the Colombo Plan and the generous economic and military aid granted by the United States.

"This help enabled us to maintain our independence. We have not a very large army and we don't possess the most up-to-date weapons. Pakistan's forces serve only defence purposes. We want only to safeguard the independence of the country, which unfortunately is surrounded by potential enemies."

MUTUAL DEFENCE OF THE SUB-CONTINENT—RELATIONS WITH INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN

In view of the increasing Chinese danger, Field-Marshal Ayub Khan advocates a mutual defence of the Indian-Pakistan sub-continent. He stresses that if an enemy attacks from the West, India would be just as endangered as Pakistan if aggressive forces should pierce India from the North or the East. "Unfortunately the conception of joint defence is not yet acceptable to the Indian leaders as it runs contrary to their philosophy of neutrality. I am, therefore, not thinking of a hard and fast agreement, but primarily of peace between India and Pakistan. If we could settle our Kashmir problem and free our armies to face the outward frontiers, there will be no danger of safeguarding against each other's future intentions. Later, when the relations between the two States have improved, we can talk about other things."

This seems an appropriate moment to ask whether Ayub Khan's recent encounters with Prime Minister Nehru have not led to a lessening of tension. The President agrees without hesitation:

"Due to Pakistan's continuous endeavours and my personal talks with Mr. Nehru, our relations with India have definitely improved. The initiative has always been with us. As a result, there has been a settlement of our border disputes in East Pakistan. We have also reached agreements in West Pakistan apart from the Rann-of-Kutch area, which is still under discussion. Financial talks about the payment of restitution and compensations will be resumed at a later stage."

Suddenly, however, the President becomes very serious when we arrive at the issue which still mars the relations between India and Pakistan:

"Without a solution of the Kashmir problem there cannot be real peace

between Pakistan and India. Kashmir is important to Pakistan, because of the affinity of the people of that country and their desire to be with us. In addition, there is the enormous strategic importance. Another factor should also not be forgotten. This is the Canal water dispute. We are now reduced to the use of three rivers in West Pakistan, which come from Kashmir. We must have control of these springs in the Kashmir hills. Our country needs their water for hydro-electrical development as well as for storage of water. This water is needed for irrigation not only for today, but for generations to come. We cannot make full use of these rivers unless we have complete control over the Kashmet area in the Kashmir hills. Therefore, our interest in Kashmir is deadly vital to us. We have been trying to impress upon Mr. Nehru that the friendship of Pakistan is worth-while for India to gain. We are not asking favours, but for a just solution of the Kashmir issue. It should take into consideration the wishes of the people of Kashmir, who have suffered for so long, and bring the Pakistani and the Indian interests to a common denominator. With goodwill it would not be too hard to find a solution which is reasonably acceptable to all. Unfortunately I have not been able to get Mr. Nehru to move in that direction. He is very cautious as yet. But I think time will tell that it is in the interest of his country that he look at this question in a more flexible fashion."

A reproach by President Ayub Khan against the Indian Prime Minister, which he had made in this context is perhaps even more compact: "He makes no endeavours to cope with the present dangerous situation."

We then turn towards Afghanistan, the other neighbour, and Field-Marshal Ayub Khan regards present relations as very unsatisfactory:

"They are making unreasonable demands on us. They claim the right to interfere in our internal affairs and they want to take over parts of our territory. In these attempts they are supported by the Russian Government."

GERMAN REUNIFICATION—BERLIN

The President of Pakistan, who is widely travelled, is also much interested in European problems, particularly Berlin and the German reunification:

"As you know, there is an enormous amount of regard and even affection in Pakistan for the people of Germany. We regard them as a brave people, creative and very hard-working and able to confront a lot of difficulties if need be.

"We understand these difficulties; the country is divided into two. There is the Berlin problem. We have the greatest goodwill. We hope that a solution will be found to the satisfaction of the German people. We believe that if German people regains its vitality and power as in the past and uses it for peace, it can be a tremendous factor for maintaining peace on the European continent."

APARTHEID IN SOUTH AFRICA A DEVILISH RELIGION

The President of Pakistan abhors the apartheid policy in South Africa. Straight-forward as he is, Ayub Khan gives a short analysis:

"The South African Government and the ruling party believe in this inhuman policy as a religion. Even a Church is behind it, and the Government and the party members think they are doing a religious duty. It is curious to what extent human ignorance can go."

COMMUNISM ONLY IMPORTED

I have always wondered how Pakistan has managed to stay free from Communist danger, although the country is terribly poor and overpopulated. Field-Marshal Ayub Khan gives a precise outline:

"So far in West Pakistan, there has been very little Communism, but in East Pakistan there has been a certain amount of Communism. That comes from Calcutta, India, over which we have no control. I think one reason why Communism has not spread so much in our country is the fact that we are Muslims and we do not like the ideology without a God. But Communism is now presenting itself in these regions in different forms. Not always is it a straight Communist philosophy. It is worked up through the medium of local troubles. My belief is that, if our Revolution had not taken place in Pakistan one and a half years ago and the weak governments had continued to remain in power, Communism would have come here too. It is not correct to state that because we are Muslims we can never become Communists. What should be said is, that we require strong and positive governments. As long as we have that chance, we shall remain free from Communism."

PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM HAS DISAPPOINTED

Later during our talk, Ayub Khan stressed again the necessity of a strong Presidential Government, in which the President has the last word, not least in differences between the Executive and the Legislature:

"Our democracy, when it is fully developed, will not differ from Western democracy in principle, that is, the people, in accordance with its development, should be able to choose its rulers and should have the power to remove them. But our democracy will differ in implementation and in method. First, we cannot have a Parliamentary democracy, the Government depending upon the majority in Parliament. Our experiences in this respect have been very sad. Our members have shifted their loyalties from one party to another. That became a very unpredictable situation. What we need is a strong Government because we have to carry out many reforms and to remove a lot of social evils. We found that in the Parliamentary system such a democratic government was unobtainable. With two or three parties this might have been possible, but we had as many as 24. This resulted in weak coalitions, with which we made very bad experiences. Our new system—the Basic Democracy—recognizes the sovereignty of the people. At the same time it takes the special situation of this underdeveloped country into consideration."

When I finally asked President Ayub Khan whether it is not a tremendous responsibility if 80 million people see in him the builder of a better future and the sole hope for their country, he retorts with a smile:

"You are quite right, it is a tremendous responsibility, but somebody has to bear it. And it happens to be me. So I'll do my best."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW
 THE CYPRUS REPUBLIC
 THOMAS ANTHEM

WITH the Cyprus elections now over, and Archbishop Makarios assured of a good working majority over all, including the Communists, the republic may be said to have got off to a good start, after the five months' haggling on the size and extent of the British bases and what is to happen to them if Britain should eventually relinquish them. Commenting on the agreement which preceded the elections, the *Times* newspaper expressed a melancholy truth in saying: "In suspended animation between a colony and a republic, the island has slipped back economically." It would be no exaggeration, indeed, to state that from the gravely adverse balance of trade to which the Emergency reduced the economy of Cyprus by the last year of the crisis—exports for 1958 were only £16,040,595 compared with imports of £36,745,717—trade generally had come almost to a standstill, and unemployment had become widespread.

One reason for this was that many hundreds of Cypriots, before the strife began, had left their work on the land or in village handicrafts for the higher paid jobs connected with the building of Britain's military and air bases, and their canteen and administrative services. The so-called "prosperity" which had seemed to obtain until, with the dawn of the Harding régime, the dismissals began, was never anything more than a fool's paradise, built up at the expense of Cyprus's real economic interests. Moreover, it created a dangerous degree of inflation which has still to be overcome.

It would be futile to dwell on the Tory blunders which have held up an amicable settlement so long, though one may well echo the belatedly voiced sentiments of the Conservative member for Wrekin, Mr. William Yates, that the policy of his party was "regrettably, one of bloody-minded arrogance, the policy of a square of crass stupidity which cost the country millions, and at one time it even appeared we would lose our good name." What matters now is that, having almost completely lost the goodwill of the overwhelming Greek majority—and let it be said that Mr. Yates would have required to impeach more than Mr. Selwyn Lloyd!—the task of Britain is to make such financial amends as will ensure the prosperity and happiness of the whole of the 550,000 Cypriots, and so regain the confidence and support of the population in running the bases.

It cannot be said that in providing £12 million over the next five years the British Government is erring on the side of generosity. The total amount, as was pointed out in a Commons debate, was hardly more than half of what was spent in one year during the emergency. Mr. Iain Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, said that provision was made for the amount of aid in future five-year periods to be determined after consultation with the republic. Commonsense dictates that the further help should be commensurate with the needs of the island at every stage of its economic rehabilitation; it is ridiculous for *The Times* to describe the initial grant as "a golden handshake", and go so far as to suggest that "the sum may seem large".

If the hope of Archbishop Makarios—whose prestige in the eyes of the world has risen amazingly in the measure that the stock of his British detractors has slumped—that “a new era of friendship and co-operation has been inaugurated” is to be realized, then our help will have to go beyond even adequate financial assistance. Britain will have to play a part in importing the agricultural and other products, such as wine, which a resuscitated and developing Cyprus economy will have to offer. Until the military emergency, Cyprus's imports from the United Kingdom greatly exceeded its exports to Britain.

When I discussed economic matters with Archbishop Makarios in 1954, he said: “We are obliged to buy most of the goods we require from Britain, while some commodities could be purchased more cheaply elsewhere. Last year we imported goods to the value of £5,000,000 from the United Kingdom, which took only £2,000,000 worth from Cyprus.” He thought that as an independent nation they would be able to find better and more profitable markets, and mentioned that when, in one instance, Israel wanted to buy certain classes of products from Cyprus the transaction did not take place owing to currency restrictions. Nevertheless, the shrewd Archbishop told me that until Cyprus had developed and reorientated her economy, and an ambition was realized to make the island the international entrepôt for the goods from three continents—Asia, Africa and Europe—it would pay Cyprus not only to maintain, but to develop trade with the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth countries.

It is only fair to acknowledge that while the Tory Government followed an insane political policy in Cyprus, and seriously jeopardized an amicable solution, the Department of Agriculture in the island had lately inaugurated schemes of irrigation, soil conservation, road construction and the establishment of adequate research and technical specialist services for agriculture. The general policy of the Cyprus Government was to step up the productivity of the land and livestock to obtain the maximum possible economic return, and to improve livestock and farm crops through the selection, trial and distribution of types or varieties best suited to the different agro-climatic zones.

With increasing mechanization and more modern methods of cultivation, there is no doubt that agriculture can be greatly expanded and developed. An important development associated with the island's fruit output is the large canning factory in the Limassol district, operated by the Smedley (Cyprus) Canning Company. The range of its products has steadily widened, and considerable quantities of fruit and vegetables have been sold for export as well as local consumption. There are several well-equipped and modern wine and spirit factories run by private enterprise. Some 20 ginning mills have a total potential output of about 700 tons of cotton lint, and there are two spinning factories. Local factories, some operated by co-operatives, pick nearly the entire crop of carobs—the “black gold” of Cyprus, used for a great variety of purposes, including cattle food.

Cyprus was once self-supporting, at all events at the beginning of this century, when the population was less than half of what it is today. The new republic, however, has to face the prospect of a population of a million

by the year 2000, and also the fact that within another decade mining, which in recent years has developed into an industry of great importance, may have seriously declined. This will be through exhaustion of the minerals. Practically all the minerals, including copper, are worked by seven companies, and successful prospecting and research in post-war years have resulted in remarkable expansion of the industry. The trade unions have complained, however, that the foreign mining companies got almost the whole benefit whenever the price of minerals rose. In 1951, for example, the amount paid in wages was only £1,120,000 against a total value of £8,000,000 of exported minerals. Asbestos is produced from extensive quarries at Amiandos, in the Troodos mountain area, and chrome ore is mined two miles north-west of Troodos. Gypsum deposits are widespread, but high freight rates and the unsettled situation in the Middle East have kept down exports in the last few years, during which about 75 per cent of the cupreous concentrates have gone to West Germany and the remainder to the United States.

While the new republic will have the support of Britain, Greece and Turkey in attempting to achieve a viable economy, the United States is also practically certain to give financial assistance in view of her interest in the Middle East as a whole. Archbishop Makarios told me that he was confident that if they approached America with a clear-cut plan of what they were trying to do, generous aid would be forthcoming from that source. Meanwhile, since the final settlement, it has been announced that Dr. Willard L. Thorp, a distinguished American economist, is to lead an economic survey mission to Cyprus under the United Nations programme of technical assistance. A six-man team under Dr. Thorp will undertake an intensive survey to assess the island's resources and development potential. An industrial specialist will study the chances for light industries. The whole survey, of course, is related to the aim of raising living standards and the creation of full employment.

Britain has taken immediate steps to relieve some of the acute unemployment, and while tourism opens up another hopeful prospect for the sorely tried island—it is considered that Cyprus, with its beautiful climate, could become a favourite resort for the whole Middle East—Mr. Julian Amery, the British Colonial Under-Secretary, has commented that the republic would start by having 20,000 British tourists in the shape of troops and their families stationed in the base areas. He said it was estimated the Army and Air Force would spend between them more than £15,000,000 annually in Cyprus.

Some fallacious ideas seem to persist, in Parliament and in the Press, about the continuing rivalry and enmity of the Greeks and Turks in the island. One independent political weekly asserted that in Nicosia the Turks seldom penetrate into the Greek sector, the Greeks never into the Turkish part, and "economically this could prove serious for the new republic." The Turks, it was stated, were importing their beer from Turkey and Europe, and paying more for it, rather than patronize the Greeks, who own all the breweries. Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish leader, has risen above any popular prejudice there may be among his followers, and given a clear

warning to them as to which side their bread is buttered. They are more than likely to heed it. The division of Greeks and Turks in Cyprus was largely, if not wholly, artificial, part of a deliberate British policy to retain the island indefinitely.

Now that the fray is over, the Turks of Cyprus would be foolish indeed not to see where their best interests lie, and to restore the old harmonious relations that existed before the trouble began. When all is said and done, the Turks have come out extraordinarily well in what Mr. Amery described as "a fair deal all round." Their representation in the House of Representatives and in the Government and Civil Service is out of all proportion to the percentage they make up in the population: less than one-fifth. The ratio for Civil Service jobs is 70-30.

Economically, it is the Greeks who run Cyprus, and whether in farming or commerce the figures tell the same tale. Of a total of 3,260,000 acres of cultivated land, the Turks own 13 per cent. The value of this proportion does not exceed seven per cent of the total value of the land in Cyprus, if there be taken into account the land and building sites in the towns. With the exception of Lefka, 90 per cent of the goods produced for export come from localities in which 95 per cent of the inhabitants are Greeks. Out of 1,165 industrial concerns employing five persons or over, only seven firms with a total personnel of 80 are owned by Turks. Again, of the 420 or more hotels, entertainment places, clinics and pharmacies, the Turks possess a mere dozen. All this underlines the hopelessness of the Turks attempting to collect their own rates, and organize municipal services for their own localities.

The oddest thing in the Cyprus agreement is that Turkey, which by the provisions of the Lausanne Treaty was specifically excluded from any further interest in Cyprus, now finds that she has a voice in the future of the island. Strange are the winds of change! And who, in a politically dynamic world in which the will of the majority must always dictate the tune, would dare to say that union with Greece must be for ever ruled out? There is still a strong body of opinion in Cyprus, as there is in Greece itself, that the Zurich agreement was a sell-out, as it did not fulfil the democratic rights of the overwhelming majority of the people of the island. This is irrefutable, even if one accepts that the agreement was the only one possible in the circumstances. And apart from the trampling under of the Lausanne Treaty, which was an adroit and illegal performance, it constitutes a pointer for the future. Since the military *coup d'état* of last May, Turkish prestige, never justified by Turkey's record in two world wars or her previous history, has slumped considerably, and even Washington is now having second thoughts about a country that has ostensibly not measured up to Western democratic standards.

Archbishop Makarios, who has described the Turks of the island as "not bad boys", whatever opinion he may hold of Turks in general, will loyally work the provisions of the Cyprus settlement, and leave the ultimate destiny of the island to the future. The first task is creation of a viable State and the happiness of all the people of Cyprus. It is in the interest of the entire Western world that, economically, Cyprus should be set firmly on her feet.

DAGON'S TEMPLE
THE ARCHDEACON OF CAPE TOWN
(THE VENERABLE C. T. WOOD)

IT is the inevitability that is so frightening. Step by step the South African situation draws to its climax, to its doom; totally unaffected by warnings from friend and foe, by Christian world opinion or by economic forecasts. There appears to be nothing that will deflect a minority from imposing its inflexible ideology upon a whole Nation, an ideology armed with a rigged majority of parliamentary seats, the brute force of Saracen tanks and a trigger-happy police force.

There have been moments of hope. They sprang from five sources. Each in turn becomes extinguished; some by loss of momentum, some spent against the wall of intransigence with which the Government has surrounded itself.

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS

Longest and most consistent in their witness have been the Christian churches. As long ago as 1930 the Anglican bishops in South Africa laid down a desideratum for the Native policy of the Union: "We believe that rights to full citizenship in any country are not dependent on race or colour, but on men's fitness to discharge the responsibilities which such citizenship involves." World Christian opinion was crystallized at a meeting of the World Council of Churches at Evanston in 1954 when compulsory segregation was held to be contrary to the Gospel, incompatible with the Christian doctrine of man and the teaching of the Church of Christ. It is significant that the two branches of the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa who are members of the World Council of Churches refrained from voting on this occasion.

Only last year the Christian Council of South Africa, which comprises 23 member churches and missions, with the notable exception of the Dutch Reformed Church, protested once again against the fragmentation of society in South Africa.

Immediately after the tragic events of March 21 at Sharpeville and Cape Town, the Christian Council called for an enquiry into the basic causes of these disturbances and the heads of the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Congregational and Jewish communities called for consultation with the African leaders. Later the Dutch Reformed Church reiterated its support of the policy of apartheid on condition that it in no way impaired or offended human dignity. One is at a complete loss to know what further evidence is required as one reads through the long list of discriminatory legislation passed since 1948 with the miseries, frustrations and tragedies that accompanied it. A cursory glance through Senator Rubin's pamphlet *This is Apartheid* should be sufficient to convince all but the most prejudiced of the loss of human dignity entailed. It is in the face of this dilemma and with the knowledge that the Dutch Reformed Church, with a European membership of nearly one and a half million as contrasted with the half-million of the Anglican Church, is the only body

powerful enough to influence the Government to modify its policy that the Archbishop of Cape Town (Dr. Joost de Blank) issued his historic statement:

"The over-riding factor is the future of the Christian Faith so far as the millions of Africans in this country are concerned. This is far more important than inter-Church politeness or formal relations. Everyone in close contact with the African knows that we have reached a parting of the ways: if he cannot now be convinced of the reality of Christianity he will turn against the Faith for good. Unfortunately he is at present quite certain that the Church stands for White domination and White superiority and if there is to be any hope of regaining his confidence at all every Church must state categorically its repudiation of such an ideology."

There at the moment the position remains, with the hope of a further conference between member Churches of the World Council in South Africa early in 1961.

POLITICAL PRESSURE

In the tight-knit community of the Afrikaner people, socially, religiously and politically, and with the rearranged proportion of seats weighted in favour of the country areas, there is no hope whatever of a constitutional change of Government. But from time to time there have been significant movements among the European people themselves which have shown a deep-rooted dissatisfaction and frustration. There was the Torch Commando in 1951, composed of ex-Service men, which swept through South Africa like a veld fire until it was extinguished in the same way as veld fires are by a fire-belt of non-Europeans who could not join it. Then the women tried their hand and the Black Sash was born. Confined to Europeans who had the vote, they wore a black sash in token of mourning for the Constitution and haunted Cabinet Ministers whenever they made a public appearance. This method was most effective until it abruptly ceased, perhaps because their husbands were alarmed at possible consequences. But they still make public stands on the passing of further apartheid legislation.

There have been public marches through the streets: at the time that the Coloured people were taken off the Common Voters' Roll; by the University of Cape Town when University apartheid became law; and most notable of all, the march of the 10,000 of all races led by the Archbishop of Cape Town and an ex-Chief Justice of the Union on May 31 last to dedicate themselves with the following pledge:

"We solemnly dedicate ourselves to the tasks of ridding our country of the scourge of poverty, of guaranteeing to all South Africans those civil liberties that are regarded throughout the civilized world as inalienable human rights, and of achieving inter-racial justice on the basis of government by consent, equal protection of the laws and equality of opportunity for all, irrespective of race or birth, class or creed."

NON-VIOLENT PROTESTS

As every legitimate avenue of protest by the non-European becomes closed and now that he has no direct representation of any sort in Parlia-

ment, his frustration grows. It was from the non-European that the request for a boycott first came. And although this is a very two-edged weapon, it is a fact that should be remembered when its effects are weighed. He rightly asks in what other ways can he bring his disabilities before the conscience of the world, and certain African and Asian nations are giving some evidence that they agree with this form of protest. But the tragedy has been in the outcome of the non-violent protests that the African has succeeded in making. The last occurred in Cape Town on March 25 and March 30. On the first occasion some 3,000 and on the second some 30,000 Africans marched the six miles from their townships into the heart of the City and back again, without a single incident. Since they were not at work they had broken the law. Many had also destroyed their passes and asked to be arrested. The Government had other ideas. After the second peaceful demonstration the townships were sealed off and the protest movement eventually broken by an exhibition of legalised violence and brutality on the part of the police such as the Cape had never seen. This has effectually closed the door to all attempts at non-violent protests in the future.

ECONOMIC WARNINGS

There are signs that the principles which religious and liberal bodies have enunciated for years are percolating into the consciousness of big business: a just and living wage for the African, equality of opportunity, freedom of movement and the possibility of building up a stable family life where he works. Recently Mr. H. F. Oppenheimer, Sir Charles Hambro, Mr. Englehart, and other prominent industrialists, as well as the Chairman of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange and the Chairmen of various Chambers of Commerce, have issued warnings that the economy of the country is suffering. One such quotation may be given from Sir George Albu's recent speech to the General Mining and Finance Corporation:

"The European section of the population must now seriously reconsider its concepts of race relations, not only on the basis of ideological theories, but also in the sober light of the probable economic consequences of such theories and of the realities of the pressure of world opinion from which South Africa can no longer insulate itself. Failure to face up to this problem now with the sincere intention of formulating a new approach designed to meet the urgent material needs of the non-European population and to alleviate wherever possible the other disabilities under which they live, particularly in the urban areas, may well have disastrous consequences in the long run."

The Government's reply, through a junior minister of non-cabinet rank, has been that business men should attend to their own affairs and leave the governing of the country to the Government.

COMMONWEALTH INFLUENCE

It was, for those South Africans who despair because they cannot convey the ideology under which they suffer to the British public, singularly fortunate that Mr. Eric Louw took the place of Dr. Verwoerd at the Commonwealth Conference. He must have left no doubt in the public mind that he is the Goebbels of the Party.

But those who had confidence that like the World Council of Churches the Commonwealth Prime Ministers would produce some unequivocal statement on South Africa's position were disappointed. The Prime Ministers will make no pronouncement until the question of a republic is decided, leaving the field open to Dr. Verwoerd to make such conjectures as suits his policy. A point that does not seem to have occurred to either the pro- or anti-republicans is that there are many in South Africa today deeply resentful that all the discriminatory legislation of the past 12 years has been passed in the name of the Queen, for whom they have a great respect, and they would certainly welcome her being relieved of this anomalous position, which is the negation of British justice and of fundamental human rights. South Africa, incidentally, is one of two great powers that have not signed the Declaration of Human Rights. Russia is the other.

So the tenuous hopes disappear one by one as Dr. Verwoerd, the modern Sampson, bows himself with all his might and the pillars of the temple fall upon *all the people* that are therein.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE UNION

L. E. NEAME

THE celebration of the golden jubilee of the formation of the Union of South Africa proved to be a depressing anti-climax. The Verwoerd Government had planned weeks of festivities, reaching their culminating point on May 31. The commemoration was to show the world a united people giving thanks for the progress of half a century and pledging itself to complete the task of establishing a White nation at the foot of a Black continent. Unfortunately the event showed once more that

*Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.*

Actually the festivities were held in a country still in a state of emergency—with 70 Natives killed by armed police and troops—with 1,800 people of all races lodged in prison—with the mass of the non-Whites boycotting the entertainments arranged for them—and with the two White races wrangling over the Government's proposal to transform the Union into a republic. Fifty years ago the Union of South Africa came into being with the goodwill of the world. Now it is greeted with bitter criticism or open hostility and called "the polecat of the nations".

Why has an experiment that was begun with such high hopes sunk into a predicament in which an increasing number even of Whites is convinced that the future envisaged by the majority of the electorate can never be achieved?

Looking back with the easy wisdom that follows the event, it is probable that the judgment of history will be that the major cause of the failure was the emergence of extreme Afrikaner nationalism—the ceaseless striving to preserve the "Volk" and entrench at the foot of Africa a Boer nation with its old cultural and religious ideals and its deep-rooted colour prejudices "perpetuated by isolation like the form of an antediluvian animal preserved in Siberian ice".

The Union was launched in 1910 in the friendly spirit of the National Convention which drafted the South Africa Act. The Boer leaders had declared that the question of the flag had been settled "for ever", and Botha, its first Prime Minister, preached conciliation and the building of a united nation. But Hertzog accused him of favouring the English and, after being ejected from the Cabinet in 1912, formed the National Party to promote the cause of Afrikaner nationalism. The First World War and the Boer Rebellion re-opened old wounds and revived old ambitions. Among the Dutch it was said that Botha was nothing but an "Engelsman" and that Smuts, who succeeded him, was "the handyman of the Empire" and "the valet of Great Britain".

The Nationalists won so many seats in Parliament that Smuts had to maintain his majority by absorbing the mainly English party. Hertzog countered this move by forming a Pact with the Labour Party. The Pact won the 1924 election, and Hertzog came into power and retained his Premiership for 15 years. After Britain went off the Gold Standard in 1931, however, he formed a coalition with Smuts to see the country through the financial crisis, and their parties were fused in 1934. Dr. Malan and the Cape Nationalists rejected fusion and calling themselves the Purified National Party became the official Opposition in Parliament and waged bitter warfare against Hertzog. The struggle between the two sections of the Dutch ceased only when external events once more changed the political kaleidoscope. Britain declared war on Germany in 1939 and Hertzog insisted that the Union must remain neutral. Smuts pronounced in favour of joining Britain in the war and obtained a majority both in the Cabinet and in Parliament. Hertzog resigned and Smuts formed a Government. Hertzog rejoined the Malanites, who became the Re-united National Party. But he had not been forgiven for his alliance with Smuts in 1933-4 and his advice was pointedly rejected, and in 1940 he retired from public life and left Malan the unchallenged leader of the Nationalists.

After the Second World War there was a great upsurge of Black nationalism in Africa and Malan won the 1948 election on his policy of apartheid (separation) and became Prime Minister. He formed a wholly Afrikaans Cabinet. For 38 years every Union Government had included two or three men of English descent. Malan's had none.

Malan stood firmly for White supremacy and republicanism, but his Administration was not entirely devoid of the more tolerant spirit that characterized the old Cape Colony. When he retired in 1954 he was succeeded by J. G. Strijdom, the leader of the Transvaal Nationalists, who was a militant republican and said bluntly that White *baasskap* (mastery) could only be assured by refusing to give the franchise to any non-White. He removed the Coloured voters—who usually voted against the Nationalists—from the common roll by enlarging the Senate and packing it with Nationalists, thus securing the necessary two-thirds majority at a joint sitting of both Houses. He entrenched his party still more firmly in office by giving the vote to all Whites at the age of 18 instead of 21.

Strijdom died suddenly in 1958 and was succeeded by Dr. Verwoerd, who had been born in Holland but boasted "I am an extreme Afrikaner." As Minister of Native Affairs since 1950 he had enforced the apartheid

policy more drastically than any of his predecessors. He delighted the Afrikaners by giving apartheid what they called a "new look". He insisted that instead of apartheid meaning repression for the Natives it meant freedom. Separate development would give the Bantu their own homelands in which they would manage their own affairs and might eventually build up independent States. The Bantu in the White areas would have the vote in their homelands and so could not claim to have a say in the administration of the White areas. Verwoerd claimed that his plan was better than Britain's policy in the Protectorates because no Whites would be allowed to live or trade in the Bantustans and exploit the Natives. The Bantu homelands were, however, based on the tribal system, with power placed in the hands of the chiefs and headmen who were paid by the Union Government.

Verwoerd insists that the majority of the Natives favour separate development. The African National Congress and the Pan-African Congress, the mouthpieces of the Natives opposing apartheid, deny that this is so. They demand equal rights in a multi-racial society. Both organizations have now been declared illegal bodies.

Thus in the first 50 years of Union, Afrikaner nationalism has removed the last traces of Britishism in South Africa and evolved a colour policy designed to secure permanent White domination in 87 per cent of the surface of the Union. The remaining 13 per cent is to form the homelands of the Natives who 40 years hence are expected to number over 21 millions, whereas the Whites are not likely to number more than four-and-a-half millions.

But as the Union enters its second half-century dominant Afrikanerdom is faced by another and more numerous foe. Black nationalism is sweeping down Africa and is already lapping the walls of the White stronghold. To meet this danger Verwoerd calls upon all the Whites to unite and support his separate development policy which alone can save the Whites from ultimate domination by the Blacks. Verwoerd and his colleagues are dedicated men who are firmly convinced that their policy is just and has scriptural sanction. They believe that in time the whole world will acknowledge that they have found the true solution for a colour problem such as that which exists in South Africa. Most impartial students of their plan conclude that it must fail. But it at least provides the Afrikaners with an academic alternative to racial integration which can be used to justify the refusal of equal rights to the Blacks in the White areas.

In the White areas, however, there is a Black proletariat which outnumber the Whites and will always do so unless the whole economy of the country can be changed. A generation of Blacks is emerging who have no ties with the Reserves and who reject tribalism in favour of the Western way of life. Unless Verwoerd can provide them with living conditions and prospects for the future that satisfy them, there must be constant friction and spasmodic outbreaks of violence. The Verwoerd Government will undoubtedly continue to enforce its separate development policy. It will have the support of the majority of the Whites, who fear that in a multi-racial society they would ultimately be ruled by the Blacks.

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW
ANTHROPOLOGICAL GULF
 EDWARD F. JEAL

WHY is there such a phobia on White Africans, as reflected in the columns of the world's newspapers?

Does it merely stem from pity for the unadvanced as part of the post-war wave of racial egalitarianism (comparable to the social egalitarianism which sprang from the previous war)? Is it pressure by business interests which buy space and believe that democratization without discrimination will lead to a heavier off-take of consumer goods in a western world rapidly heading for a production crisis—just as such interests often back inflation irrespective of its social ravages? Or is it due to the hysteria in much of the West over Russia, making it seem imperative for the West to dominate in Africa, the divided middle (in the likely oncoming power struggle with Africa presently a power vacuum), an end which it is believed to be more easily attainable if non-White control is substituted for White in this Continent? Were this so, it would result either from the feeling that a Black government is likely to be more pliable diplomatically than a White, or from a naive belief that the non-White, were he "freed", would be thankful and would reward his "liberators" with alliances, if only in the form of "gentlemen's agreements". In point of fact, the reverse would be much more likely in the judgment of those who know Africa.

The most incongruous facet of the attitude of people outside Africa to human problems within it is that of supposing that the clash is rooted in pigmentation. Put simply, it is contended outside that so-called Settler superiority arises as a reaction to the black skin of the African, apart from which the two men are just the same. When White Africa resists such grotesque oversimplification, the retort is apt to be that the Black man is not looked upon by White Africans as a human being. This is absurdly emotional.

Generally, when overseas, White Africans fail to explain their position, although it is so natural and scientifically obvious. They do not "get themselves over", partly because they sense an attitude of blindness and of not wanting to see; partly because they feel incapable, or, as a lady said to me: "When I was in London and was goaded to discuss the matter, I said, 'I would rather not risk being misunderstood, as you have never lived in my country, and that is necessary'." In the end, the White African despairs and says "nobody understands us". Yet the matter is essentially simple. Were the Boadiceans to return and mingle with the people at Piccadilly Circus or Aldgate Pump, they would not only look odd, but would prove to be incapable of taking part in ordinary social and business intercourse, though with skins as snow-white as that of the blondest cockney.

Nor would this be surprising, for their thought-processes and conduct would be those of their cultural pattern, their socio-human background, their psychological environment. If their numbers were considerable, and were they prolific, a cultural social problem would arise; but as a "younger"

less-developed people, come into a more advanced "set-up", anthropologically, they would be obliged to subordinate themselves, to "fit-in" by accepting subsidiary work in the course of a painful process of what anthropologists call Adjustment. Or they would have to plead for, or be consigned to, a Separate Area. There the "shorn lamb could be tempered to the wind" by continuing, broadly, in its old way. It would be conscious of the older, more highly developed culture at hand, which would, by such indirect contact, cause change. But this would occur far more slowly, less brusquely, than if there were continuous individual contact, with all its nasty psychological, if not physical, effects, as the strands of the "younger" culture were cast aside by substitution. By separation, there would be less affront to habit, less shock to the cultural framework which shields those living within it. Also to adjust separately places the "junior group" on its mettle, makes it dependent on its own efforts while adjusting the velocity of change to a convenient tempo. Thus the anthropologically junior group would survive and gain through the overall group contact, without risking extinction that has so often followed from intermixing. At the same time, the "senior group" would avoid that weakening tendency by taking things for granted in utilising the "juniors" freely in servile tasks, better performed by themselves.

This is, indeed, the rationale of much-pilloried Apartheid. By it, the living-standard and working competence of the "senior group" would not be threatened, either, but the "junior group" would gradually rise in skill and living aspiration until there would be no danger from intermixing in all respects—save the biological. (Though even intermarriage would finally occur, beginning with a tendency for weaker members of the older culture to ally themselves consanguinarily with the stronger of the younger.)

But for this separation, the older community (anthropologically) must erect and maintain barriers ("colour-bars", though unrelated to colour as such). These are apt to be held rigidly, instead of being relaxed, selectively, as the junior culture members rise to the required skill level and adopt the higher living-standard (to do which, training, etc., facilities need to be made available). In a sense, where there is mixing, the younger group are the "fags", but, unfortunately, only an élite of the older group corresponds to prefects, who feel that sense of responsibility, of which the classic obverse is an entitlement to easement in minor or material matters.

To overcome the tendency towards degeneration from privilege that is apt to attack the weaker brethren of the "senior group" in a mixed community set-up, there is need of a strong flow of immigrants, who will also bring spiritual and physical rejuvenation from more pulsating centres of the advanced culture. These newcomers are needed also to supply a fuller working cadre of direction, supervision and superintendence, in order that the younger group people may benefit in income in a mixed community from the correspondingly greater productivity that such direction and control, in intensified form, will supply. This will help the "junior group" people to adjust in detail by growing disciplines effecting personality development, so much more difficult anthropologically than the acquisition of knowledge or skills. Thus cultural diversity need not be disadvan-

tageous, but highly advantageous as a practical embodiment of that sublime Hegelian figure of the Unity of Differences. So we should be optimistic in principle towards the diversity, thorny as is the application. Further, where there is an integral system, so far as work is concerned, it is essential to preserve residential and social segregation as reliever of the strain of adjustment for the younger group, and as a further means of preserving standards in all respects.

From the above, it may already be clear that any forcing together of peoples of different culture-groups in all matters is dangerously unnatural, contrary to the science of the matter and to philosophy. To treat as equal, i.e., the same, those who are manifestly different (and this has no connotation of superior and inferior), is contrary to the norm of Aristotelian thought, and it is, hence, "unjust". Thus to say, as have done some politicians and Churchmen, including the Catholic Hierarchy of South Africa, that there are henceforth to be no restrictions among skin colours, but complete indiscrimination in all Church social, business and electoral matters, is to risk bankrupting the Church clubs, and bringing Church members into open conflict with other community members of the older culture. Such things cannot be forced happily and are usually not wanted by the junior members, equally embarrassed (with exceptions according to selection). To try to force them is rather like trying to make water run uphill. It is contrary to reason, to science itself, and is, hence, emotional. There is nothing more real than the threads of culture woven round the actions and reactions of adherents, calling for as much separateness as is practically possible during the adjusting stages.

The curses of our world are speed and ideology. They are not unrelated. In nothing is their effect more insidious than in connection with problems with anthropological connotations. Nobody has the least right to suppose that, if furnished with contemporary democratic constitutions, the politicoes of Africa will be able to use them as intended. On the contrary, they will react, when power-conscious, like the feudal barons of William the Conqueror, though more ferociously, for the culture stage of their emergence is even more primitive. Witness the Congo.

Not to recognise this anthropological aspect, but to regard the matter as simply social, as among sections of British people or as between countries of Western Europe, is to miss out one dimension from one's co-ordinate geometry. Why should people outside assume that communities in Africa which have had a minimal degree of contact with Europe over less than a century, a mere anthropological moment, can utilize ultra-modern institutions, e.g., trades unions, that would have been impossible of application in the Tudor world of Henry VIII or Elizabeth I, even if these monarchs had themselves understood them? Why, pray, assume that what is currently good for oneself (if it is), will be so for the other man? Why be so egocentric as to do unto others as one would that they should do unto you without realizing differences of tastes arising from the deep recesses of cultural variation? Why not have the imagination to understand that if the wages of a man of very primitive culture are suddenly raised, he will not work better, but worse, because he will want at once to absent himself

to consume in the moment, not having in him a developed sense of provision?

Indeed Europe's antics in Africa are quite incredible proof of bureaucratic irrationalism prompted by popular sentimentality. This causes the electoral masses to be a menace to others within their control and to the characters of their political leaders who do their bidding to secure re-election. There are few things grimmer than legislative and administrative action for distant exotic parts sponsored by those unaware of the conditions.

Johannesburg.

In a subsequent article, Edward Jeal will discuss Territorial Economic Co-ordination South of the Sahara.

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Thus there will be no change in the colour policy of the Union in the foreseeable future. The Bantu homelands are being created. The Blacks in the White areas will continue to be treated as migrant unskilled labourers who can escape a rigid colour bar only by moving into the Bantustans.

Meanwhile the irresistible force of Black nationalism is moving towards the immovable body of White domination. Verwoerd has probably less than ten years in which to avoid a tragic collision by showing that he can solve the problem of the co-existence of Whites and Blacks at the foot of a Black continent. He will try to do so by his separate development plan regardless of the opposition of the Blacks and the hostility of a large part of the world. He is convinced that he can succeed. Time must show. But all history is against him.

Illovo, Johannesburg.

WORDY WONDERS

Dull and dreary ducks ever quacking; lifeless
Dead dogmatizers claiming to be dogmaless;
Wondering at words, with words murdering wonders,
Plato's puppies, lovers of logic, logical lovers;
Rational automata, servile worshippers of 'Reason',
Weak-kneed, knowing not they know not the 'rationale' of Reason!
Better far, the lover of life, loving wonder.
Never knowing, ever feeling the power of wonder.

JONATHAN SOLOMON

"MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE"

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

AN unintended pathos heightens the sense of grandeur of the film *Les Seigneurs de la Forêt*, which is being offered in an English-language versions as *Masters of the Congo Jungle*. The appreciation on screen of the organic balance of life in the primeval forest and savannah of deepest Africa has never been conceived with more respect, nor executed with so much sensitivity and cinematic eloquence. But so civilized a view of savage nature is inevitably late. The very scrupulousness with which the superbly intimate photography avoids intrusion upon the lives of men and animals is a salute from a vast distance in time. Explorers and empire builders, trophy hunters and colonial managers could rise only rarely out of their possession of nature, and only with ostentatious difficulty to levels of indulgent travelogues and paternal anthropology. Now, as the Africans discover themselves, the Europeans hasten to depict an Africa that was always elusive, and is already vanishing.

Forces of change permeate the entire continent, politics and nature transforming each other in what is surely one of the great paroxysms of history. More than ever, it is difficult to see Africa—and not the least of the problem is the intervention of traditional fictions, each making perpetual propaganda in its own behalf, prescribing an imagination fixated upon some romantic image of unchanging ambiguity. In Africa as everywhere, but in Africa now more than anywhere, the changeless is illusion—most pathetic and dangerous when the definition of civilization itself seems to require a permanent fantasy of nature and natural, unspoiled mankind. It was significantly in his own *Voyage au Congo*, more than 30 years ago, that André Gide, reading Bossuet's oration on Henrietta of England along the steaming jungle waterways and overgrown trails, commented upon the rhetor's contempt for things that pass quickly: "I shall have plenty of time to contemplate the immutable, since you assure me my soul is immortal; give me leave to make haste and love what is so soon to disappear."

The Honorary President of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation, which made *Masters of the Congo Jungle*, is King Leopold III. Leopold, of course, no longer reigns—and somehow it is appropriate that he sponsor and contribute a preface to this film. The Congo had been preempted as a private preserve by his grand-uncle, the second Leopold, who proceeded to carry the colonial exploitation of Africa to its most proverbial excesses of the nineteenth century—all for the sustenance of Europe's most privileged debauchery. Much of Belgium's colonial policy since has been calculated to undo or mitigate the initial savageries of civilized governance, and to point towards a future of gradual Europeanization. Informing this relatively enlightened policy, especially in recent years, has been a deepened understanding of the complex integration of native customs, animal life and natural conditions. The *Masters of the Congo Jungle* may be regarded as one superlative evidence of Europe's long

maturing search for an essential Africa: an unspoiled, unconverted, dark and terrible, invincibly ignorant but physically and spiritually harmonious Africa.

For the European, the search has become a matter of vital self-respect. The age of imperial decline is also one of eroding certainties over the superiority of races and civilizations. Modern art and music, as well as cultural and behavioral sciences, do more than dignify the complex simplicities of heretofore ignored or disparaged ways of life. Modernity itself is implicated in rediscovery of the primitive—not for purposes of sophisticated reversion, but for a profound and ceremonial recognition. Now that it is so late, it is more important than ever for the land and people uncorrupted by the ambiguous benefits of progress to be fixed in the imagination—and conscience.

By the time *Masters of the Congo Jungle* was being made, the forces altering the balances of sovereignty in Africa were working in the Congo itself. The film could never have been created by conquerors and colonizers in their heyday. And the educated, "detribalized", urban élite among the new nationalists, plunging towards what is surely a dangerous, but nevertheless an African future, are in some ways disenchanted with what they consider an acceptance in their infant nation of backwardness, rather than nobly primitive naturalism. The white man's belated admiration for the stone-age sufficiency of so many of their own people appears as another form of condescension—albeit the grounds now may be those of cultural anthropology, rather than racist biology or theology. For these nationalists, the attitude, despite all its worthy and welcome solicitude for simple people living in a difficult environment, amounts to a rationale for insisting upon gradualism in the African's advance towards full participation in government. From the standpoint of pure, impatient patriotism, the truths and beauties of *Masters of the Congo Jungle* are irrelevant—if not already anachronistic, and possibly obstructive.

The qualities of the film, however, are in themselves undeniable—and finally triumphant in their own chosen arena of discourse. The artists, scientists and technicians who worked on the film were fully conscious of their burden of the countless travelogues and conventional fictions made about the jungles and plains of exotic, mysterious Africa. In a talk before the New York Film Council, the producer of *Masters* . . . , Henri Storck, emphasized the care taken to avoid the clichés of ordinary escapism, and to keep the techniques of cinema themselves from altering the realities under search. The model of artistic and technical effort was not Walt Disney, but Robert Flaherty. No "True Life Adventure" dramatization of nature, distorting animal behaviour in the precious manner of the animated cartoons of cute woodland folk, using facetious montage, reverse and slow-motion trickery—to the contemptuous accompaniment of banal music. There is no contrivance of contrasts, arranging reality to comport with a thesis or formula. There is no construction of happy outcomes in the cruel wilderness—nor any converse enjoyment of natural violence, presented like the episodes of horripilant fantasy in the cartoons, titillating the strain of *Schauerromantik* in children.

In the Flaherty tradition, the film makers first wove themselves as deeply as possible into the pattern of life in the Congo and the neighbouring Ruanda-Urundi. The vital preliminary phase of preparation was especially difficult, because of the scope of the project and the personnel and equipment required. In fact, the recreation of the sense of a *secrète entente* among men and animals, within a magical order of the land and seasons, was made possible only because an anthropologist, Daniel Biebuyck, spent more than eight years studying the several tribes depicted.

It is not new, since Flaherty first shared the daily fortunes of his classic subject, Nanook the Eskimo, for film makers laboriously to gain the confidence of primitive peoples—until cameras and lighting and recording paraphernalia are tolerated. It is, however, unfortunately rare for the cameras to be more than the instruments of visitors, catching the friendly natives in apt poses, suitable for becoming the memorabilia of vicarious travellers. Directed by the Swiss ethnologist, Henry Brandt, the Belgian and German technicians for *Masters* . . . were able to place their apparatus so as to permit the observation of aspects of life that would have been neglected or misunderstood without Biebuyck's studies and preparations.

The structure of the film itself depends upon the interpretation of the minds of the Congolese. At the beginning, after title and credit sequences realizing dramatic, dynamic possibilities in the usually static CinemaScope format, the general and particular areas of concern are established with maps and geological dioramas. The first narrator, Orson Welles, reading the excellent translation of Max-Pol Fouchet's lyrical commentary, expresses the sophisticated wonderment of the new explorers, prepared to respect what was before beneath civilized notice or beyond a knowledge so distantly superior. The second narrator, William Warfield, articulates the primitive imagery of the people of the earth, as an old man of the Banyanga begins to explain the mystery of the *entente* of man and animals in nature. The counterplay of Welles's and Warfield's voices provides a deliberate aural contrast and synthesis of European and African characters—even as the cinematic elegance of the images and the visual force of simple people seen on their own terms of dignity and self-respect are at once subtly incongruous, and powerfully complete. Beliefs and rituals are not disparaged, in sound or photography. As the old man speaks of the primal deity of fire, for example, we are shown awesome views of the forbidding crest and the cracking, flaming crater of the great, sacred volcano of the Virunga. The visual grandeur is heightened by Richard Cornu's music. Cornu's work throughout, neither literally descriptive nor noncommittally abstract, is that rarity in film music: a score distinctive in itself, yet integral in the cinematic whole.

The views of various tribal activities and rituals often have an almost misleading intimacy, as if the cameras have always belonged. The graceful egret dance of tall, bare-breasted Watusi girls of the savannah is respectfully observed and sensitively interpreted, in a sequence contrasting vividly with the patronizing ignorance of travelogues without number. The dance, incidentally, is carefully presented as a religious ceremony, according to M. Storck, in order to disarm professional innocents. Without a sense of

intrusion, the camera is present in the men's hut of the pygmoid Paremba in the deep forest, as they eat and discuss a hunting campaign with an unselfconscious formality. Later the ceremony of purification after the unintentional killing of a sacred pangolin unfolds in all its actual seriousness and dignity—not for the transient edification of tourists, but out of a necessity which the film has sought throughout to penetrate and comprehend.

The focus of this search is the indigenous sense of a spiritual relationship of men and animals. And complementing the sensitive portrayal of the peoples of the Congo are some of the most truthful sequences of animals ever filmed. Under the direction of Heinz Sielmann, the crews for the animal material went to extraordinary trouble to place and operate their equipment without disturbing or distorting the natural behaviour of their subjects. Working out of elaborate blinds, with such patience as to take weeks for a single shot, Sielmann deliberately avoided any suggestion of trick photography. Later M. Storck called it an "accident" that some special extreme telephoto lenses on order did not arrive in time. If so, it was surely a most punctual touch of fortune, to be so fully consistent with the intention and execution of the film.

The proliferate diversity of life: lions, hippopotami, cassowaries, spoonbills, pelicans, an unceasingly inquisitive aardvark, a perpetually hysterical hyaena, are observed in their normal visual aspect. A soaring, sweeping sequence of a fishing eagle has the immediate feeling of flight, rather than of a distant view of movement through the air. In following the crashing stroll through the dense forest of a gorilla family, led by a huge, mercurially protective bull, we sit surprised by proximity, feeling unarmed and luckily undiscovered.

The characteristic compression of telephoto lenses, bringing objects a few hundred yards off and those miles beyond into the same apparent zone of focus, is not present—nor are the fast panoramic sweeps these lenses make possible and unavoidable. There are none of the startling, essentially falsifying long shots, as in Disney's *The African Lion*, showing predators walking in seeming peace alongside their natural prey—substantiating by distortion editorial prejudices about benign "cycles" of life, added in the film's commentary to fit the images recorded.

Events in the political transformation of the Congo, the jewel of tropical Africa, surely provide a varicoloured background for the vivid colours of the film. *Masters of the Congo Jungle* is in time to illuminate the enigmas of an Africa that is passing—as new, unpredictable perplexities form the events of the future. At one point a tribal shaman is shown going off alone into the parched plain to raise his primeval prayers for rain. The film does not dismiss, or laugh or patronize. It is not yet advanced enough truly to disagree, but it seeks to understand and explain. In this, there is a certain measure of achievement, as well as significance—and, perhaps, prophecy.

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INDIAN VISTAS—

INDIA'S UNDERPRIVILEGED

RHONA GHATE

THE age-old problem of untouchability has recently been in the news again, when the question of constitutional safeguards for the Harijans and other backward castes was discussed in the Indian Parliament. The post-Independence Constitution, which came into force in 1950, provided for the reservation of seats in the Central and State Legislatures for members of the Scheduled Castes, as these backward classes are officially called, in proportion to their population. But it was specifically stated that this reservation of seats was to end after ten years, in 1960, as it was assumed that by then the Scheduled Castes would have been integrated into the community, and special protection of their interests would no longer be necessary. That this expectation has not been realized was recognized on all sides in the recent debate, when it had to be decided whether or not to extend the time-limit. Even the Government spokesman, Pandit Pant, while claiming that much has been done for the Scheduled Castes, admitted that it was only a fraction of what remained to be done, and that there is still a wide gap separating these people from the rest of the community. In the upshot the Constitution has been amended to extend the period of reservation of seats for another ten years. What is the prospect of that period seeing the end of the disabilities of the backward classes, and what has in fact been achieved since Independence?

In so far as reform can be brought about by legislation, everything that could possibly be done has certainly been done. The Constitution itself, apart from the reservation of seats, has a number of provisions affecting the Scheduled Castes. The section on fundamental rights states that "untouchability is abolished and its practice in any form is forbidden." And, more specifically, discrimination on grounds of caste is forbidden in allowing access to shops, restaurants, wells, roads, etc., in employment in any public office, and in admission to educational institutions receiving grants from the State. Moreover in 1955 a very comprehensive Untouchability Act was passed by the Central Government. It provides for punishments for a great variety of forms of discrimination, including those affecting entry into temples, taking part in religious ceremonies, and even such matters as the use of utensils in restaurants and the wearing of jewellery. When it is remembered that under the British régime legislation on this subject was deliberately avoided on the ground that Indian opinion was divided, it will be realized that this is a considerable step forward. But it is obviously only a beginning. Unless the law is backed up by a real change in social attitudes it is likely to remain a dead letter.

It has sometimes been argued that industrialization and the general economic development of the country would automatically put an end to caste distinctions and untouchability. And to some extent this has happened, especially in the cities. Urban life and modern means of communication are not conducive to the practice of caste. Nobody can care much in a packed tram whether his neighbour is an Untouchable or not.

New occupations like factory work and taxi driving are less subject to caste restrictions and easier for the Harijan to enter than traditional crafts like carpentry for instance. My sweeper is a driver by profession but still makes a bit extra by doing a sweeper's work in the mornings and evenings. Another way in which modernization breaks down the institution of untouchability is by improving the primitive and dirty methods of work which are to some extent the reason for those who follow them being regarded as dirty. Especially is this true in the case of sweepers, whose unsavoury conditions of work have been a great obstacle to their uplift. Fortunately modern sanitation is spreading fast in the cities; and in smaller places great efforts are being made to persuade municipalities to introduce mechanical methods for removing night-soil. The same thing applies to tanning and leather work, which engage large numbers of Harijans. In many places very primitive methods of flaying and tanning are still used, and this leads to any worker on leather being regarded as untouchable. But as modern methods are introduced, prejudice dies out. Thus today in some parts of Bombay State leather workers are regarded as Harijans, and in some not.

The great majority of Harijans are cultivators, and the crux of the problem is in the villages, always the stronghold of conservative customs. Has there been any real progress here? Mr. L. M. Shrikant, the Commissioner for Scheduled Castes and Tribes under the Central Government, who has wider experience than anyone on this subject, devotes a large part of his annual reports to trying to answer this question. And incidentally the fact that he finds it difficult—that it is not easy to get a clear picture of the extent to which untouchability is practised—shows at least that the villagers are ashamed of it. He does not mince matters. He recognizes for instance that the fact that there have been comparatively few prosecutions under the Untouchability Act does not necessarily mean that there is no discrimination, but more probably that Harijans are reluctant to complain. In fact he cites many forms of discrimination which are undeniably still prevalent. He finds that, besides the vexed question of allowing Harijans to enter temples, the most common forms of discrimination are: preventing them from using village wells, not allowing them to enter hotels ("hotel" in Indian usage being a small *café* or wayside tea-stall), and the withholding of services by such people as barbers and washermen. Other odd forms of discrimination sometimes crop up; there are places where Harijans are not allowed to use a bed (the string cot or *katia* is something of a badge of status in the village), or to wear jewellery; and in one place they are not allowed to ride a bicycle.

Nevertheless, Mr. Shrikant's conclusion is that even in the villages the winds of change have been blowing, and that the hard crust of untouchability is broken. It is no longer the generally accepted thing, as it was, for instance, 30 years ago, when Gandhi started his anti-untouchability campaign and described the Harijans as "socially lepers, and economically worse than slaves." This conclusion seems to be confirmed by most people who are in touch with the villages. Touring officials no longer find at village meetings a separate bunch of Harijans sitting at one side. In the

crucial matter of temple entry, more and more temples are being thrown open to Harijans, and very often the priests themselves are on the right side. When we asked the priest of the historic temple of Bhavnani at Pratapgarrh recently whether he admits Harijans, he answered enthusiastically that of course he does. Most important of all, there is no longer segregation in the village schools. A *chamar* (shoe-maker) of my acquaintance says that when he was a boy the untouchable children used to sit at the back of the classroom, where they could hardly hear the teacher, so as not to pollute the caste children. Nowadays this is unthinkable. Many of the primary school teachers are now themselves Harijans, so that the whole balance has changed.

For this progress a good deal of credit must go to the steady propaganda and educational work that has been done in this field, both by Government officials and by voluntary organizations such as the Harijan Sevak Sangh, an all-India body founded by Gandhi in the 'thirties. All sorts of methods of propaganda are used. Vans travel round the villages with films and posters. All-India Radio frequently puts on programmes designed to ridicule untouchability. Gandhi's birthday is observed as "Harijan Day", when special meetings and processions are held. A novel approach was recently announced in Bombay, where the Minister for Social Welfare (himself a Harijan) said that caste Hindus who married Harijans would be given a public reception at Government expense. The Harijan Sevak Sangh has been particularly successful in certain very backward rural areas of Indore and Bihar, where its workers have concentrated on compact groups of villages, patiently finding out the position and using persuasion on those who practise discrimination, and only taking legal action in a few recalcitrant cases.

In so far as the hardships of the backward classes are due to the tradition of untouchability, it seems therefore that they are on the way to being overcome. In so far as they are an economic problem, the solution is perhaps still more difficult, since it is bound up with the success of India's development plans generally. In so far as these succeed, and especially when land reform is a reality, and the race of food production against population growth is won, the Harijans will benefit most, since they are everywhere the poorest section of the rural community. Apart from general development plans, however, the Five Year Plans include several economic measures designed to benefit the Scheduled Castes specially. There are schemes, for instance, for developing the cottage industries which are specially the preserve of Harijans, such as leather-work, cane-work and poultry-keeping. There are also special provisions for slum clearance and rural housing for the Scheduled Castes, though this is a vast problem of which only the fringe can be said to have been touched so far.

The sphere in which financial aid from the Government is yielding the most hopeful results however is education. During the period of the Second Five Year Plan £26 million is being spent on backward-class education, quite apart from the provision for education generally. This means that most of the States are now providing primary and secondary

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THE SIKHS AND THE PUNJABI SUBA

GEORGE A. FLORIS

WHENEVER one wants to unite two or more religions all one achieves is the creation of yet another religion and thus increases rather than decreases the spiritual division of mankind. That was the ultimate outcome of the life-work of Nanak Chand (1469-1539), who became the first *Guru*, "teacher", of the Sikhs. He was a man of deeply religious sentiment, a sincere pacifist who was pained at the sight of his homeland torn between Hinduism and Islam. He hoped that by combining the best elements of the two great creeds he might unite Hindu and Mussulman for a common cause.

However, even the pretence of sikhism acting as a unifying force was abandoned under the reign of the fifth *Guru Arjun* (1563-1606). *Arjun* compiled the *Granth Sahib*, the sacred scripture of the Sikhs up to the present day, containing over 6,000 verses. Although *Arjun* included besides the writings of the preceding *Gurus* and his own also certain pronouncements by Hindu and Moslem saints, the principal purpose of the *Granth Sahib* was the establishment of Sikhism as a specific religious community as distinct from Hinduism and Islam.

The tenth and last *Guru*, *Gobind* (1666-1708) broke even with the pacifistic traditions of the new faith. He and his loyal followers—*Khalsa*—"pure"—took on the common surname *Singh*, meaning "lion" thus manifesting their resolution to fight for their convictions like lions. They were also to observe the "Five K's": unshorn hair and beard—*Kesh*; carrying of a comb—*Kangha*; wearing a steel bangle—*Kara*; wearing a pair of shorts—*Kuchho*; carrying a sabre—*Kirpan*. They were expected to abstain from tobacco, alcohol, Moslem (Kosher) meat and sexual intercourse with Moslem women.

During the course of his largely unsuccessful military ventures *Guru Gobind Singh* lost his entire family. Eventually he paid a personal visit to the Court of Emperor *Bahadur Shah* in the Deccan, thus hoping to improve Sikh-Moslem relations, but was killed there by his own Moslem retainer.

Towards the end of his life in the Deccan *Guru Gobind Singh* converted a Hindu hermit called *Lachman Das* who became in his new community *Banda Singh Bahadur*. After *Guru Gobind Singh's* death *Banda Singh Bahadur* rose to the leadership of the Sikhs, though not in the capacity of a *Guru*. After he had attained temporary successes in his warfare against the Moslems, they in turn called for a holy war against the growing power of the Sikhs. Emperor *Bahadur Shah* outlawed the entire Sikh community and ordered all non-Moslems in his service to shave off their beards. Eventually the Moslem numerical superiority prevailed on the battlefield and *Banda* was forced to surrender. With many of his followers he was taken to Delhi in chains. On June 9, 1716, he was tortured to death after having been ordered to kill his infant son with his own hands.

However, during the following decades the new, military organisation of the Sikhs brought its results, though at a price. They lost the democratic character of their community and a landed gentry within the Sikhs

developed. After having gradually displaced the Moslem landowners on the debris of the declining Moghul Empire the Sikh *Misls*, "Militias", became fraught with material disputes among themselves. It remained to Ranjit Singh, the scion of a leading Sikh family, to dissolve the *Misls* and found a unified Sikh Kingdom.

However, by that time the British presence was strongly felt in the Punjab. To avert a military disaster, Ranjit Singh signed a treaty of friendship with the British representative, Charles Metcalfe, at Amritsar on April 25, 1809, conceding all the latter's demands. The Sikh ruler made further concessions to the British in the treaty of 1838 and in the following year he died. During the hostilities that flared up after the great monarch's demise the Sikh rank and file offered heroic resistance, but after having been betrayed by the upper classes it could not hold out for long. Part of Punjab was annexed to the British Crown in 1846, the remainder in 1849.

The Sikh ruling classes had made a wrong speculation. After the conquest of the former Sikh Kingdom the British, instead of favouring the squires, gave the land to independent Sikh peasants. The reformist policy of John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of Punjab, and other British administrators paid rich dividends in 1857. Satisfied with their status in the new dispensation, the martial Sikhs, instead of trying to regain their independence during the British entanglement with the "Indian Mutiny", sided with the forces of the Crown against the rebellious Moslem and Hindu Sepoys. The famous "Hodson's Horse", the cavalry unit that tipped the scales at the battle for Delhi under the command of William Stephen Raikes Hodson, was made up of Sikh warriors.

Driven by a spirit of enterprise so general during the second half of the nineteenth century and by sheer material necessity, many Sikhs emigrated to distant lands. Since Sikhism abolished, or at any rate mitigated, the ancient Hindu caste regulations, the Sikhs, unlike certain Hindus, were not deterred from a voyage by the belief that they would lose their caste by going overseas. They settled in Singapore, Hong Kong, eventually in Canada and the United States.

Although their diligence and stamina made the Sikhs efficient lumberjacks across the Pacific, their adjustment was not smooth in the new world. The illusion of making a completely fresh start in history lived in North America during the last century even stronger than today. People who carried on their appearance the visible marks of an old, distant civilisation were bound to arouse hostility. The beards and the turbans of the Sikhs were regarded as most objectionable in Canada as well as in the United States; their wearers were often victimized and physically assaulted by hooligans.

There were minor conflicts between the British and the Sikhs in India too. Some Hindu customs crept back into Sikhism at births, weddings and funerals; even a modicum of caste system, an occasional *suttee*—enforced suicide of wives at the death of their husbands—and the objection to cow-slaughter, and all these led to occasional frictions with the colonial power. However, it was in distant Vancouver that the Sikh loyalty to the British cause was worst shattered. In 1913 the Japanese ship *Komagata Maru*

arrived in Vancouver harbour packed with would-be Sikh immigrants. Although they fulfilled all the requirements prescribed by the Canadian authorities for immigrants, they were not allowed to disembark or even to receive fresh food and water aboard of ship. After two months of waiting the Japanese ship was compelled to return to India with its embittered passengers. In Calcutta the unfortunate cargo was received by an Indian police cordon and forced on a waiting train with blatant disregard for any individual destination. The more desperate ones among the repatriates eventually resorted to terrorism and, after long years in gaol, the survivors were to form the nucleus of the Communist Party in Punjab.

Fortunately for the British the Sikh disenchantment was slow to spread. During the first and even during the Second World War, Britain could still rely on the loyalty of the Sikh soldiers. However, by 1947 the situation became diametrically the opposite to that in 1857. Now the Moslems were more inclined to go along with the British, while the Sikhs opted for complete independence. Master Tara Singh, the leader of the *Akali Dal*—the movement of Sikh Radicals determined to have their own State, the *Punjabi Suba*—revealed recently that Dr. Jinnah had offered him a Sikh State within Pakistan. The negotiations had finally failed, because "Masterji" insisted on his right to withdraw from Pakistan at a later date, and that was more than what the equally fanatical "Father of Pakistan" would have conceded to him. Thus, in 1947 the Sikhs threw in their lot with the Hindus and were the fiercest in retaliating against Moslem violence.

Although the cradle of Sikhism was in the Punjab, the Sikhs constitute an all-India community today, represented in smaller or larger numbers anywhere in the country. They are taxi-drivers, businessmen, civil servants, writers and journalists. They are prominent in sports and in the armed forces. In the notorious Chambal Valley—where even Acharya Vinoba Bhave has failed to bring peace in the course of his recent tour—Sikh policemen are engaged in a ruthless campaign against Sikh dacoits. In the cities, Sikhs are usually among those most westernised. Although they are loyal to the turban, they are often wearing European clothing and speak a good English. While they still seldom smoke in public, they are less scrupulous regarding their attitude towards liquor.

It certainly does a great deal of credit to Master Tara Singh's strong personality, single-mindedness and persistence that he has managed to keep the movement for the establishment of the *Punjabi Suba* alive and to induce so many Sikhs to wear the steel-blue turban of the *Akali Dal*. While it is estimated that at least 40 per cent of the Sikhs themselves are making common cause with the Punjabi Hindus in opposing the plans for a Sikh State, the 60 per cent seem to be firmly behind "Masterji" with his demand for the *Punjabi Suba* and the recognition of the *Punjabi* language. In Summer, 1960, they organized *Morchas*, mass demonstrations, men and women courted arrest and they were in a position to resort to the *Gurdwaras*, centres of Sikh teaching and religious worship, as gathering points during their agitation, so that the Sikh Gurdwara Judicial Commission had to issue an order prohibiting the political use of holy places.

The Sikhs, being physically the strongest and intellectually among the keenest of all the inhabitants of India, enjoy important positions far in

excess of their numerical strength of six to seven million of a population in the region of 415 million. It appears reasonable that the New Delhi administration should seek to maintain the continued goodwill and loyalty of the community even at the price of certain concessions. Moreover, the recent bifurcation of Bombay State seems to have created a precedent for a similar bifurcation of Punjab.

Unfortunately, the demands of the *Akali Dal* are clashing headlong against the basic principles of Congress-ruled India. The granting of self-government to a religious—as distinct from a purely linguistic—body would mark the end of the theory and practice of the secular state. Moreover, the Punjabi Suba would put a large number of reluctant Hindus under the Sikh rule.

On the whole, the Hindu opposition to Sikh territorial self-government is two-fold. The secularist protest against it on the ground that no religious community should be given political status. The opposition of the religious Hindus is, if possible, even more passionate. The more persistently the Sikhs try to preserve their own separate identity, the more desperately certain Hindus seek to reincorporate them into the all-Hindu fold. The Punjabi Suba, they accurately assess, would complete the detachment of Sikhism from Hinduism.

In the present confusing situation the painful birthmark of young India shows up most embarrassingly. The secular state of India had come into being at the high price of consenting to the creation of Pakistan on a purely religious basis. It is, thus, logically difficult to refute the Sikh communal claim, once the similar claim made by the Moslems had been accepted on the eve of independence. Hence the seething suspicion that the spark of Sikh separationist tendencies is fanned from Pakistan. It is particularly unfortunate that such a seemingly minute issue should endanger the harmony on the vast sub-continent and give a chance for Communist mischief at a time when the Chinese menace is looming over the horizon.

New Delhi.

INDIA'S UNDERPRIVILEGED—continued from Page 500

education free to members of the backward classes; and for higher education there is an extensive scheme of scholarships provided by the Central Government. Moreover, since Harijans from the villages cannot avail themselves of scholarships unless they have somewhere to live in the cities, where alone centres of higher education are found, large numbers of hostels are being provided. Bombay State alone has 300 hostels specially for the backward classes, including a number for girls. In one which I visited at Poona there are 120 boys, many of them the sons of landless labourers or *chamars* from far-off villages and the first of their families to break away from tradition. This means that for the coming generation there is really some degree of equality of opportunity. As a result rapidly increasing numbers of Harijans are going into the professions and Government services, and this in turn is bound to reflect in the status of the backward classes generally. Taken all in all there seems ground to hope that within a reasonable period separate representation in Parliament and other special protection for the backward classes will no longer be necessary.

Bombay.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP

G. P. GOOCH

NO one made such a substantial contribution to the Roman Catholic revival in France as Dupanloup, the most influential and the most beloved figure in the French Church since Fénelon. An inspiring leader of youth, an eloquent preacher, a voluminous author, a capable administrator, a Member of Parliament, and a shepherd of souls, he fought in the first line in the campaign to re-Christianize his country, and none of his fellow-crusaders touched life at so many points. Combining the spirit of the apostle with the tenderness of a woman, he attracted and retained the affection of those with whom he came in official and unofficial contact in an almost unique degree. Neither a scholar nor a profound theologian, he won his way into the hearts of young and old, Catholic and non-Catholic, rich and poor, by his sympathy with suffering, his gentleness, and his saintly life. His greatest joy and perhaps his supreme achievement was to train children for the battle of life, imprinting the Christian message on their minds and hearts.

Born in 1802 in Savoy, at that time temporarily annexed to France, Dupanloup was reared in humble circumstances. His illegitimate birth is not mentioned by his official biographer, Abbé Lagrange, but he was baptised in the name of his father and it never interfered with his career. After starting school life at Annecy he moved at the age of seven to Paris, where he won golden opinions above all as a Latinist. His first Communion at the age of 13, for which he was prepared at Saint Sulpice, made a profound impression, and a vision of the priesthood invaded his mind. After completing his studies in that historic seminary and after his ordination he was appointed to the Madeleine, with the special assignment of preparing boys and girls for their First Communion. It was here that he found his feet, for he transformed the humble duties of catechist into an apostolate. Children, he declared later, were his first and last love, and he loved them with maternal affection. In addition to his life-long devotion to children he possessed the secret of arresting and holding their attention.

His first publication was a *Handbook of Catechism*. Since many parents attended the classes his name became known in ecclesiastical circles and reached the ears of Archbishop Quélen, through whose influence he became Almoner to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI, and catechist to the youthful Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X and heir to the throne, and to Princess Clémentine, daughter of Louis Philippe. His work as one of the staff of the Madeleine was interrupted after many happy years by his curé who disapproved his methods or resented his popularity; but the change from the teaching of youth to the pulpit of St. Roch revealed him as a preacher second in eloquence to Lacordaire alone. Appointed Director of Studies at the Seminary of St. Nicholas in 1834 and three years later as Superior, he was at last his own master, since he enjoyed the affection and confidence of the Archbishop.

He proved an ideal head of the Christian School, and many sons of the nobility were among his pupils. "An incomparable awakener," declared

Renan in his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, "a great and good heart." It was in these happy years that he learned the lessons which he was to expound in his longest and most famous work, the treatise on education. On his first visit to Rome he was greeted by Gregory XVI as "the apostle of youth". He was less happy during the two years as Professor of Theology at the Sorbonne, partly because he had little interest in doctrinal matters, partly because there was little opportunity for the intimate contacts between teacher and pupil in which he excelled. After being hissed by the class in consequence of a disparaging reference to Voltaire, he resigned his post.

The name of Dupanloup became known in Europe in 1838 when he was summoned to facilitate Talleyrand's reconciliation with the Church. Feeling at the age of 84 that the end could not be far away, the former Bishop of Autun, who had shown little respect for Christian morality either in private or public life, invited the Superior of the Seminary of St. Nicolas to dinner. It was a preliminary reconnoitre, for other guests were present. No intimate talk was possible nor did the host desire it, but the old man liked the perfect manners and naturalness of his visitor, and when the shades began to fall he sent for him again. Only a few hours before the end, when he realised that there was no hope of recovery did he announce his submission to the authority of the Church. Dupanloup was present at the signing of the document, described by Talleyrand's biographer, Duff Cooper, as his passport to heaven, and at the final scene on the same evening. One of the most attractive features of Dupanloup's personality was that he showed himself exactly the same to all human contacts, high and low.

As a bosom friend of Montalembert and Lacordaire he watched the experiment of *L'Avenir* with interest but without identifying himself with the campaign. The revolt of Lamennais against the declaration of the Pope moved him to indignation, since he believed that the Vatican was the voice of God. He disclaimed all ambition and declined flattering offers from abroad, among them the King of Piedmont-Sardinia's offer of an Archbishopric, for he had no wish to leave Paris. He was often consulted by Archbishop Affre, the successor of Quélen, and was glad to accept a canonry of Notre Dame. He defended the Jesuits against their foes. "I am a man of peace," he declared, and his methods of controversy were widely different from those of Louis Veuillot, whose violence he deplored. His motto was *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*.

Though Montalembert and Veuillot have received most of the laurels for smoothing the path for the *Loi Falloux*, his share in the campaign was no less important. As a member of the Commission appointed to draft the law he displayed his exceptional gifts of negotiation. His greatest triumph was winning the support of Thiers. Though religion played no part in his personal life, and though he disapproved every form of clericalism, the old statesman feared socialism, communism and revolution far more. Haunted by memories of the fighting at the barricades in 1848, he came to realise that Catholic teaching in schools might form a measure of social security. No one knew better than Dupanloup that without his

support no Bill acceptable to Catholics would have a chance. Thiers and Dupanloup realised that nothing more could be obtained from the Ministry or from the Chamber of the Second Republic, and the former generously acknowledged his debt. "You know my feelings toward you since we had the happiness of sitting together on the Education Commission. But for you I should very often have lost patience. I have found few men with your clear insight, impartial reasoning and conciliatory character. We have come into port without much damage. I should have liked to satisfy you on all points, but that is impossible." The same realisation that politics are the art of the possible enabled Falloux as Minister of Education to pilot the unanimous draft through the Ministry and the Chamber. Here for the first and last time Dupanloup made history on a large scale.

In 1849, before the Falloux law reached harbour, Dupanloup was appointed Bishop of Orleans. His abilities no less than his character had so deeply impressed Thiers, the most influential of politicians, and Cousin, the most authoritative spokesman of the University of Paris, that they urged Falloux to make him a Bishop. When a vacancy occurred at the City of the Maid, Dupanloup declined the honour on the ground that he wished to remain in the capital to continue his preaching, and considerable pressure from Montalembert and other friends was needed before his *Nolo Episcopari* was withdrawn. That he brought new life into his diocese and won its affection confirmed the conviction of his closest associates that his new post would form the crown of his career. Busy though he was with his episcopal duties, he found time to complete a comprehensive treatise on education which embodied his experiences as a teacher. The book is much more than a treatise on pedagogy, for it embodies his philosophy of life. Education, he insists, is primarily a shaping of character, a school of virtue, which can only be based on a definite religious doctrine. He speaks with scorn and horror of Rousseau, whose *Emile* is brought up without definite religious instruction. The sophists who contend that dogma is not only unintelligible to a child but unnecessary for the good life are denounced as enemies of God and man. His three volumes form the most complete manual of education on Christian lines ever produced in France or indeed in the Catholic world. A notable feature of the book is the recognition that girls have as much right to a good education as boys, an attitude never so firmly maintained within the French Church since Fénelon's *Education des Filles*.

Dupanloup's political preference was for a Constitutional Monarchy on the English model. He had no fear of democracy for he believed in the common man. Though he never went so far as Lamennais in demanding the separation of Church and State, he asked nothing except permission for the clergy to perform their educational and pastoral duties in their own way. Though he expressed neither approval nor disapproval of the *coup d'état*, he welcomed the friendly attitude of Napoleon III to the Church and recognised his sincere interest in the welfare of the manual worker. When, however, the Emperor's train passed through Orleans and the ruler addressed a few friendly words to the Bishop on the platform,

Continued on Page 510

PERHAPS YOU CAN PAINT

SIR JOHN BENN

"I DON'T think I have ever done an hour's work in my life", a successful man once said to me, "in the sense in which work is usually understood". But even the fortunate few whose business is also their hobby should have a different spare-time occupation; and for people with executive responsibilities, mental work of another kind is often the best restorative. Painting fulfils this requirement, for besides providing restful hours in the open air it affords a completely absorbing interest. That, at any rate, has been my experience, but as a business man who paints for pleasure I am very conscious that it is one thing to describe a technique and quite another to practise it effectively. This delightful hobby can be taken up at any age, and even if you have not tried water colours before, you may find that perhaps you can paint. This medium involves less paraphernalia than oils, so should the attempt not succeed you will not be very much out of pocket.

Most of us think of water colours in terms of the black-enamelled box of our schooldays which contained small pans of paint, but to those of mature years who are tempted to start afresh I would recommend *tubes* of paint. Like the amount of colour we use, which is better squeezed in generous quantity from a tube than coaxed off a cake of dried paint, the brushes should also be large (size 10 or 12), and the same applies to the paper. A good size is 16 ins. by 12 ins., preferably a Whatman paper: this should be soaked in water and allowed to dry on a slightly larger board, on which the edges of the paper have been stuck down with gummed strips while it is still wet. It will then dry taut and firm, ideal to work on. An alternative to a wooden board is a sheet of pressed steel, over which the paper is stretched and fixed with clips. It is much lighter to carry and to pack, an advantage when travelling. I make no apology for offering these practical suggestions, since to begin in the right way is half the battle, and until I had some lessons a few years ago from a professional artist my own efforts, based on what I had been taught at school forty years previously, were very erratic.

The next step is up to you—to select something pleasant to look at, whether a bowl of flowers or a cottage in a village street, and to see what you can make of it. Provided you *enjoy* the attempt it does not matter if your friends are critical, since for purposes of recreation the doing counts as much as the result. It is a good rule to ignore the comments of your children, whether favourable or (more usually) otherwise, but respectful attention should be paid to the views of any professional artist who can be persuaded to look at your work. It follows that if you can afford some lessons it will help enormously.

While careful drawing is important, the composition of the picture should be as simple as possible, success depending as much on what is left out as on what is put in. My own teacher's method is to analyse the subject into a series of shape, tone and colour relationships on the broadest possible lines, and to express these in simple washes, which must, however,

be drawn and not haphazard. On this foundation the more detailed picture can be built, developing a centre of interest or focal point and allowing the supporting elements, while leading the eye to the centre of interest, to remain subordinate.

Most amateurs use too many colours. You can do a great deal with three—cobalt blue, yellow ochre and light red. Add to these vandyke brown, chrome lemon, French blue, burnt sienna, rose madder (and perhaps monastral blue) and you will have a good all-round selection. A simple and effective palette is a white dinner plate, the colours being squeezed out at intervals round the rim and mixed in the recessed portion. The plate should be cleaned frequently with a sponge, and for this purpose, as well as for mixing and applying the colours, plenty of water is essential. A large plastic bottle is an ideal container (but a hot water bottle holds still more), and a plastic cup is useful for rinsing the brushes.

You can sit against a haystack and rest the board on your knees, but later on, when you have decided to take painting seriously, a stool and easel will be a good investment. Always try to work with your board in the shade. It is almost impossible to gauge tone and colour values when the eyes are moving quickly from glaring sunlit paper to the subject and back. A beach umbrella can be very useful unless there is a strong wind.

The reader will gather that I prefer painting out of doors, and therefore tend to work only in the summer, but I miss a lot by not persisting indoors in the winter and spring. This open-air work depends on good weather, for although you can paint from a window, a barn or a car when it is raining, a wet landscape is apt to look flat and uninteresting. The sun, on the other hand, brings everything to life, brightening the colours and intensifying the light and shadow. Yet the weather, in whatever mood, is always a challenge. A good water-colour drawing should suggest the atmosphere of the place and the moment. Whether it was painted in spring or summer, and in the morning or evening, may be inferred from the shades of green and the length of shadows, to mention only two revealing factors. Most people like a sunny picture and the brushes themselves seem to respond to a fine day. If the weather is unsettled and you have several days at your disposal, a good plan is to draw the subject on a dull day and to paint it later when the sun comes out.

Water-colour is well suited to the soft, mellow tints of our countryside, which no doubt explains why this medium has been specially favoured by English painters. But should the quest for sun take you abroad you will have an advantage over the ordinary tourist. For if you can get accustomed to an audience of small boys, who soon melt away when they see that you are likely to be working for some hours, you can watch the life of the people as they saunter along the street or talk at their cottage doors or go to market, in a way that is denied to the traveller who merely looks and passes on.

To choose the favourite among the many countries where I have had the good fortune to paint is not easy. Holidays have seldom been taken only for this purpose and so painting has been an added attraction to carefree days spent in the open air with my wife and children, for example, at Portofino and Menton. But there is much to be said for a solitary

holiday, with the sole object of trying to capture the bright scenes which await your pleasure in a sunny clime, uninterrupted by appointments of any kind. Obviously a picnic lunch is an essential item, although on the blissful occasions when the muse takes complete charge of the brushes a glance at your watch may show that it is 3 p.m. and the sandwiches are still in their packet.

When I was in America two years ago I was recommended to break the return journey at Bermuda. Here I discovered an artist's paradise two hours by air from New York, bathed in sunshine in November, when letters from home already brought news of rain and fog. This British colonial island in mid-Atlantic abounds in colourful subjects, some of great historical interest. It was founded in 1609 and boasts the oldest colonial parliament in the British Commonwealth. The first English settlement was at St. George, where the Old State House, Gates Fort, and the St. David's Lighthouse are noted landmarks. At Somerset, the westernmost village in Bermuda, there is another lighthouse on Gibb's Hill, and the view from this point is superb. Ely's Harbour nearby is another gem, and to approach it by water you pass under Somerset Bridge, the smallest draw-bridge in the world, which is fitted with traffic lights to regulate the passage of boats. Here I spent a happy afternoon painting on the private beach of an American friend, while he took ciné photos of water birds which abound on the shores of Bermuda.

Whether at home or abroad, it is always wise to ask permission to paint on private ground. I was once asked in the South of France to *pay* for looking at a landscape. I had set up my easel in a cottage garden near Rocquebrune, with, as I thought, the approval of the peasant-owner, but as soon as the sketch was well under way she demanded fifty francs "for the view"! Even in England not all landowners take kindly to artists, as I found one summer afternoon in Kent. A farmer became quite indignant when a friend and I asked if we could draw his oasthouse. He thought we were working for an advertiser—perhaps a brewer?—but when commercial motives were disclaimed he quickly thawed, and later gave us a scrumptious tea.

On another occasion, when I was painting in Sussex, a shadow crossed my paper and a lady with a parasol was looking over my shoulder, "Yes," was her comment, "trees are difficult, aren't they?"

BISHOP DUPANLOUP—*continued from Page 507*

the latter bowed without speaking and no private interview ever took place. When the Emperor's Italian policy led to the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope the Bishop shared the grief and anger of Catholics throughout the world.

Dupanloup's closing years were darkened by catastrophes and disappointments—defeat and invasion, the nightmare of the Commune, the failure of his efforts to effect a reconciliation of the two branches of the Bourbon family, and the inauguration of the *école laïque* by the Third Republic. By the time of his death in 1878 the Catholic revival, in which he had played a leading part, had lost a good deal of its momentum, and no commanding figure appeared to continue his work.

Michelet will be the next in Dr. Gooch's series of French Profiles.

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RATING REFORM

LYNDON H. JONES

BRITAIN'S antiquated rating system screams out for reform. The current muddle in valuations is ground enough for voicing such an opinion. At the moment industrial buildings—and are broiler houses included under this heading?—are assessed for rates in terms of their 1956 values and thereafter receive a 50 per cent de-rating. Shops and offices are likewise valued in terms of their 1956 figure and pay on 80 per cent. Farm lands and vacant sites get away scot-free whilst private dwellings pay on the full total of their 1939 worth. By 1963 the re-assessment of private houses will be complete and thereafter they will pay on the new valuations. The likely impact of this to house-owners may be gauged from pilot surveys. These indicate that the rateable value of a house now worth say £40 per annum will soar to £200 or thereabouts. Agreed thereafter the rate poundage will fall but, nevertheless, private householders will have to shoulder a larger share of the total expenditure of the local authorities and their annual outlay on this account looks like rising by 50 per cent.

The case for rating reform is also warranted on other, and more important, grounds. For instance, the present system of raising finance for local expenditure is both regressive and inelastic—two defects which will become increasingly apparent in the next few years when the rates continue to rise for reasons apart from the aforementioned. Some indication, meanwhile, of the pressure of the upward trend may be gauged from figures recently given by the Minister of Education. Present expenditure in this field of social service, and it is the main item of cost to the local authorities, is in the region of £750 million annually, but by 1970 it may be £1,500 million. This alone will result in almost a doubling of the rates whilst concurrently provision must be made for increases in expenditure on roads, water and sewerage, police, fire, the youth services and countless other services.

Furthermore, to add to the misery of the ratepayers, super-imposed on this will be the heavy cost of mortgage loans to local authorities. Interest rates on their borrowings are in excess of six per cent—larger authorities can borrow at slightly lower rates than smaller bodies—and there is no indication whatever that anything other than high charges will prevail for many years to come. The situation could be partially altered if the Government implemented one of the recommendations in the Radcliffe Committee Report. (The Committee, it will be recalled, was set up to report on the working of the country's monetary system.) Therein it was urged that local authorities should be allowed to borrow through the Public Works Loan Board. That would mean lower charges.

Yet, irrespective of what happens in so far as interest rates are concerned, everything shows conclusively that the general rates are going to rise steeply each year. The use of work-study and O. and M. by local authorities—to which some people attach great stock, to judge from many municipal election addresses—may turn back the crest of the waves for one year or

so, but that is all. Only a really determined effort by the county, borough or urban district councillors can impose any brake. Should that occur, the country will be confronted with the paradox of public squalor amidst private affluence. Clearly, therefore, if this is to be avoided, together with the imposition of an intolerable burden on certain sections of the community, the prevailing system of local government finance will have to undergo far-reaching changes. And on this subject there is no lack of ideas forthcoming. It would be both tedious and of little value to adumbrate all the suggestions which have been advanced, but some of the more important may be briefly touched upon.

High on the list of reforms for many persons would be the abolition of industrial and agricultural de-rating—one of the legacies of the slump years. Agitation in favour of this has met with a limited degree of success, for in 1958 industry's liability for rates was raised by one 100 per cent, from 25 to 50 per cent. A second choice which also commands fairly widespread support is the introduction of a local income tax. From a practical standpoint, there is every reason to believe that such a tax is feasible. The Royal Institute of Public Administration went so far in 1956 as to produce a blueprint. In brief, a low flat rate tax was envisaged. From it there would be no reliefs and no attempt at progression. Apart from a local income tax, there have also been other proposals for finding new sources of revenue for local authorities. In particular, the handing-over to the local authorities of those taxes collected by them, such as motor-vehicle duties, has been suggested. But whilst each of these proposals may have its adherents, and certain points to commend it, they all have one defect in common, namely that none of them get to the hub of the issue. Indeed, it would appear that the problem is not going to be solved until there is a complete reform of the rating system.

If such a reform were forthcoming the aim should be to secure for the local authorities the maximum independence from the central government. For this very reason the form of rating which would be most suitable would be one based on land-value taxation. How such a system differs from the one currently prevailing may readily be seen. At present it is the property on the land which is rated. Hence if an owner improves this property—in the case of a householder he may add a garage for example—his rating assessment is raised automatically. In contrast, this does not arise where land-value taxation is employed. The principle which underlies this system is that the value of the land is not determined by something which the individual owner has done to it. The basis is the improved capital value of the land. The differences in value between one piece of land and another are due to differences which arise either from natural causes or from their situation and their proximity to centres of population. From this it follows that some land will command high prices, not because of what the individual owner or holder has done, but because of its advantages. On grounds of equity, one would be justified in appropriating for the community this return, the site value of the land, which currently accrues to the owner.

In order to facilitate this reform the authorities would have to value

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each plot of land, disregarding the value of the buildings and other improvements thereon. And, as one finds under the existing property rating system, regular revisions of the valuations would have to be undertaken.

The immediate impact of a scheme which shifted the burden of rating taxation from the property on the land to the site value of the land would be to induce the owners of land to put it to optimum use. Very quickly this would produce extensive changes in the centres of our towns, where land is at a premium, and those facilitating improvements would not thereafter be penalized by having to pay higher rates on their property. Simultaneously, owners of vacant land would be encouraged to sell and, thus by increasing the amount of land on the market, the inflationary situation developing in land prices would be arrested and later reversed.

It must be emphasised that the arguments in favour of land-value taxation are not based on text-book theory alone. Land-value taxation already works in regions as diverse as Denmark, New Zealand, Australia and Jamaica. Without exception, it has proved a marked success.

A monthly review of some of the notable cinema and television presentations

THE MONTH IN VISION

DOMINIC LE FOE

THERE are portents that the cinema industry is learning to appreciate the virtues of the "hard-ticket" programme. This is the trade-term to denote the fact that certain cinemas are operating a booking system. This in turn means that there are fixed times of performance, and that the custom of entering the theatre and viewing the film via the end on a circular tour to the beginning has been discarded. Intelligent films presuppose intelligent audiences; I have often wondered what sort of E.S.P. was required to make sense of a story told middle to end, beginning to middle. Apart from extravagant musical productions employing this system, there is also Stanley Kramer's *Inherit the Wind*. If ever a film demanded to be viewed from the beginning, this is it. The story is a dramatized version of the notorious "Scopes Monkey Trial" staged in Tennessee in 1925. Seldom have I been so fascinated by a film; the basic plot, which hinges on the right of the individual to teach what he believes to be true, the depth of characterization, and expert photography contrive to fashion a truly striking piece of film-making.

The portrayal of a trial (as was revealed in the Oscar Wilde films) needs more than a court-room and the appurtenances of procedure with which the Law seeks to clothe its uncompromising stature: it needs a cause to argue and protagonists to argue it out.

What strength supports the film in this context! The strength of giants, for in the talents of Frederic March and Spencer Tracy the picture is infused with life, and transformed like a prism caught in the rays of the sun. Not only do they both, particularly Frederic March, resemble the

original contestants physically, but the actors manage to convey much of the emotion that infused the argument in what was, by any standards, one of the most significant legal issues ever to be resolved in the United States.

Never have I so strongly experienced the feeling of immediacy.

The story opens, early in the day, in the township of Hillsboro. In a beautifully directed sequence we watch a small group of men assemble; they set off purposefully for the school-house: the mood is captured completely: the men even walk differently (the mannerisms of a man's walk can be made to speak volumes).

They enter a classroom where a young dominie—Bertram T. Cates—is expounding the theory of evolution. Within minutes the class is stopped. Cates is arrested and charged with violating a State edict which forbids the teaching of anything that "denies the divine creation of man, as taught in the Bible".

Naturally the arrest causes comment, locally and throughout the nation. So great an uproar is raised (most of it in terms of contempt for the State law) that a group of local Hillsboro worthies meet to discuss the fracas, in the light of their own status and an impending election. Indeed, at the behest of the bank manager (who objected to the ridicule) it was almost agreed to drop the charge, until one of the local tradesmen reflected that a trial at the Hillsboro courthouse would undoubtedly attract visitors—visitors spent money, money meant . . . The trial was on.

Public interest was aroused still further by this news. It brought the town a reporter from a Chicago daily—a certain E. K. Hornbeck. His newspaper has been siding with the teacher. He has come to report direct from "Hillsboro—the buckle on the bible belt". During his stay in the town, it is announced that none other than Mathew Harrison Brady has offered to act for the Prosecution against Cates. This news delights "Fundamentalists". The great Mathew Harrison Brady is undoubtedly a name to conjure with—a former Secretary of State, and three times a contender for the Presidency. He is playing on the safest possible territory in Tennessee. Naturally, this decision on the part of Brady not only stiffens the determination of the Fundamentalists, but keys public interest to a higher pitch. By the time Brady arrives in Hillsboro the temperature is at fever heat. The sequence depicting Brady's arrival is splendidly handled, economy of means being skilfully enhanced by sure technique. Streets are bedecked with the banners of old Presidential contests; an open car bears the great man and his wife to their hotel; a band precedes the procession, while behind the car there marches a body of supporters, singing "Give me that old, true Religion". So aptly is this incident presented that the excitement of the scene is directly communicated to the audience; the effect is intensely exciting; seldom have I seen the panoply of public campaigning so accurately depicted.

It is in this scene that we first meet Frederic March as Brady. It is, by any standards, an astonishing performance, especially by the highest. Not only does he markedly resemble the protagonist, he has also invested Brady with many hall-marks of the politician; the nervous tic as he makes his speech; the ready smile for his own wit; the slight shadow of in-

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sincerity that clouds loftiest sentiment, all are melted in the crucible of March's talent. More than a performance: a reincarnation.

On his arrival, Brady makes his first speech to the cheering crowds; from the steps of the hotel he makes his policy plain—taking good care of the “public relations”—“here, just stand beside me, Reverend . . .”

All is rosy in Brady's private world, when the journalist from Chicago steps up and announces that one of the brightest legal luminaries, Henry Drummond, has consented to defend the schoolmaster.

Brady is stunned; for Drummond at one stage actively campaigned for him in the Presidential contest. Drummond is a self-styled agnostic. Much more than that, he has since been acknowledged one of the greatest advocates to practise at the American Bar.

Mrs. Brady, who is genuinely fond of Drummond, also looks grave, but the hosannahs drown any other doubts that the crowd may have felt.

Faced with the challenge of the trial, Stanley Kramer's direction rises to the occasion. Limited only by photography at times so static as to be stultifying, the spectator is accorded all the by-play of personality and clash of intellect. It is humid summer; the steamy courthouse, inadequately cooled by antique ceiling-fans, is a-flutter with paper fans handed out, “Compliments of Mason's Funeral Parlor”.

It is plain that Drummond has more than heat to contend with; the crowd, even the judge, seems patently with verbose Brady; even Cates, the accused, hamstrings the Defence by refusing to allow his fiancé to be called. She, in fact, is the daughter of the local Minister, a narrow, bigoted man with the fierce fanaticism of a man who draws an arbitrary line down the page of belief and permitted doubt. We see a frightening example of the man at work, when after the hearing on the first day, a great “revival” meeting is held in the open-air, and the Minister denounces his own daughter as a transgressor against God. Even Brady finds the savage emotionalism of this appeal too much. He silences the Minister even as he pronounces a veritable curse on his own daughter.

The girl is very distressed. The Bradys take her back to their hotel. There, under the sympathetic influence of their friendship, she reveals some of the background of her romance with Cates. This knowledge is applied later with deadly effect—against her fiancé.

Confronted with the difficulty of making headway against Drummond, Brady puts the girl into the witness box. There, by a brutal, brilliant but misleading cross-examination, he makes it appear that her boy-friend is indeed a man who had rejected God. Drummond fights back, but the damage to his cause has been considerable; further, he is hampered by the judge's refusal to allow any scientist to testify or any extracts from Darwin to be read, or other religious leaders to give evidence. Drummond finally explodes and makes it plain that he believes the Court to be prejudiced. The judge promptly cites him for contempt, and fixes bail at an astronomical sum. A local farmer offers to go bail, with his farm as security. This offer is rejected, and it seems that Drummond must spend the night in jail. However, the local bank manager says that the farm is well worth the sum involved, and the Bank underwrites the

bail. Back in his hotel (which is also that of the Bradys) Drummond schemes to try and break the legal noose that surrounds his brief.

The next day he announces to the judge that he intends to call one of the foremost exponents of the Bible—and takes Brady into the witness box. Brady begins with great confidence, relishing the limelight as a hunger-striker would welcome food. Then Drummond taxes him on the literal beliefs contained in Holy Writ. Perhaps the creation took longer than the Bible said? Perhaps the first day was more than 24 hours? . . . Finally he traps Brady into a series of statements suggesting that only Brady was fit and proper to translate the Bible's teachings.

The end of the case is in sight. In a scene of tremendous moment, we see Brady at his hotel, suddenly old, rather frightened. He senses that his cause is lost, that the crowd is no longer with him.

The judge finds for the prosecution and inflicts a fine of a nominal \$100. Brady rises in protest against such a trivial penalty. But the mood has gone. He begins to make his valedictory speech. The crowd goes too. Suddenly, he has a heart-attack, and dies in the empty court, attended only by a few officials—and Henry Drummond.

Such is the plot of one of the most engrossing films to have emerged in the past year. Played to perfection, with March and Tracy striking hot sparks on the anvil of their minds, with a supporting cast worthy indeed of the general level, directed with incisive discipline, *Inherit the Wind* is a film not to be missed. Not just for the film, but the lesson and the message.

If cinema has had a message to convey in this fine film, television has been busy reminding us that crime is said not to pay. It has been bringing this truth home—quite literally—by programmes on both BBC and ITV on penal reform and other facets of the prison system thrown into relief by the work of Mr. Butler. Certainly the programmes make for uneasy viewing, the much-vaunted "face-to-face" technique of the Granada series becoming an embarrassment. It is hard to retain humane feelings and a dispassionate approach, when faced with self-confessed transgressors complaining about Prison in the way that some people complain about well-meaning Family Hotels. One went so far as graciously to concede that perhaps it would be difficult to pay prisoners trade union rates for "after all, there must be some punishment".

Removed from the glib talk of those picked out for the temporary notoriety of the TV camera, the programmes spoke volumes by showing the backgrounds that are our prisons. Those bleak, demoralizing, degrading blocks, built without thought save retribution, left untouched and even unremarked until the pressure of today's lawlessness demanded action, are the most potent plea and most positive tract for action by society.

Television has a great role to play as mentor of public conscience. Invested with the impact of immediacy, and permitted entrance and licence for the mass mind, it must control itself lest it become too full of conscious virtue, too little aware of the real task, reporting, not reforming.

With that in mind both the BBC and the ITV programme contractors can feel that the effort has been well worth-while.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS

Polls Apart: Background to the American Presidential Election. Denys Smith. Cohen and West. 13s. 6d.

A reviewer of this profoundly significant book by the doyen of British political correspondents in Washington must "declare his interest" before commenting. I belong to that mass of British Liberal opinion, which believes that Governor Adlai Stevenson, if returned, would have been one of the great American Presidents, and is disappointed by the performance of President Eisenhower during these last eight rather dismal years. Today, like most British Liberals, I hope for a Kennedy Administration with Mr. Stevenson as Secretary of State and with Mr. Chester Bowles and Senators Humphrey and Symington as Cabinet Officers. The cynic will doubtless comment that there is nothing like prescribing a Cabinet for one's Allies! There are, of course, strong forces working against such a happy outcome.

Now Mr. Denys Smith is no fierce partisan. His thoughtful study, though obviously the book of a man with a point of view, is highly objective, even in a jolly chapter on mud, mirth and melody. It certainly repays with interest the investment of a weekend's reading before America goes to the polls in November. But it also has a long-term value for students and politicians (they are not necessarily synonymous) and for everyone who enjoys learning something new about the world in which he or she lives. For this book is three-dimensional. It summons history to elucidate current affairs. It expounds American phenomena against the background of the common libertarian heritage which it has taken a thousand years to evolve. It interprets human nature in the raw—the political raw. Mr. Smith shows how a President is much more than a Prime Minister (although in parliamentary management much less). He analyses Congress and Parliament, where they are alike, where they diverge. He furnishes, too, a useful potted history of the parties. He points out that every one of the potential Presidential candidates, Democrat and Republican, was and is a child of the 20th Century, and has his finger on its pulse.

Nearly fifty years have passed since Woodrow Wilson sparked off an epoch of reform with his famous book on *The New Freedom*. Many of its aspirations have yet to be fulfilled. Countless Americans and "Britishers" seek a new call to greatness—a summons to high adventure. Whence shall it come? Shall it be the author of *Profiles in Courage*? Whatever the answer, America has, as Mr. Smith says, picked up the white man's burden and rechristened it mutual aid. August 4, 1914 ended former British dreams of "non-entanglement" in Europe. Pearl Harbour likewise pronounced the end of American isolationism. The American political parties accept "involvement". They are internationalist. They are committed to the international economic institutions which have arisen since World War II. They are pro-NATO. They are intimately concerned with the outer world—and with outer space too.

Mr. Denys Smith modestly terms this slender volume "an essay in enlightenment". As such it merits a rich success. The cause of Anglo-American unity is well-established. Even the Establishment embraces it! Most Americans today reject what Sir Harold Caccia calls "the salt water fallacy". Reporting by newspapermen of the calibre of Mr. Denys Smith has done much to aid that process of rejection.

DERYCK ABEL

THE DE GONCOURT BROTHERS

The Goncourts. Robert Baldick. Bowes & Bowes. 10s. 6d.

This is the latest addition to an excellent series entitled *Studies in Modern Literature and Thought*. Even if the Académie Goncourt and the Prix Goncourt were not in existence to keep the memory of the gifted and wealthy brothers alive, their novels, biographies, histories of society, and above all their Journals would ensure them a place in even the shortest survey of nineteenth century France. This admirable little volume is topical at a time when an unexpurgated edition of the voluminous Journals is appearing. So long as interest is felt in the famous writers and scholars of the second half of the nineteenth century—and there is no sign of it diminishing—the Journal will remain as indispensable as the *Causeries du Lundi* of Sainte-Beuve. The author rightly describes it as of equal interest to the historian, the stylist and the student of human nature.

The author concentrates his attention on the novels, summarising the plot and commenting on their merit as he moves forward chronologically. Following in the footsteps of Stendhal and Balzac, the brothers analysed the Parisian and provincial society in which they lived and in which they found little to admire. Good people, no doubt, are not the fittest material for the novelist who hopes to attract a large public; and it would be almost as difficult to find a noble spirit or a pure and loving woman in their works as a needle in a haystack. Caring nothing for old fashioned morality themselves, living in the company of Flaubert, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier and other writers who cared about it as little as they did, they fill their pages with pictures of temptation and depravation not to be surpassed by the full-blooded naturalism of their younger contemporaries, Zola and Maupassant. Their ingenuity in construction and their ability to bring the creatures of their imagination to life entitle them to rank among the great novelists of France.

The death of Jules, the younger and more gifted brother at the age of forty in 1870, left Edmond, as a friend of both declared, a widow for the remaining twenty-six years of his life, but he continued to write novels and biographies. Readers would have been grateful for a fuller account of the numerous biographies of women and artists of the last phase of the *ancien régime* and of the valuable studies of French society during the Revolution and the Directory which, though written a century ago, are still of value to historians.

G. P. GOOCH

THE NEEDS OF WESTERN DEFENCE

Deterrent or Defence. B. H. Liddell Hart. Stevens & Sons. 30s.

The need for concentration on conventional defence is at the heart of Captain Liddell Hart's authoritative and penetrating study of the West's military position. His argument develops from the now generally accepted state of "nuclear parity—nullity, or stalemate". H-Bomb warfare results inevitably in mutual suicide; and, as the author points out, sufficient deterrent effect has been reached by the American H-Bomb to offset the need for further mass production.

The main military risk is the aggressive nibble, the attack with a limited military objective, preceded by political propaganda and unlikely to attract the massive suicidal retaliation of the H-Bomb. Indeed nuclear nullity has increased the risk of the nibbling process; yet it "becomes clearer than ever that the only protection of Western countries lies in deterring the Russians from launching an attack—by being able to retaliate with the H-Bomb". The need is for a NATO non-nuclear shield force able to cope with the limited offensive. This leads Captain Liddell Hart to the technical but vital question of the ratio of forces to space. After an examination of historic examples and present conditions, he concludes that if

NATO "forces have a ratio of 2 to 3 that should be a safe insurance against a sudden attack, provided they attain adequate mobility and flexibility". A NATO strength "of about thirteen ready-for-action Regular divisions should be able to check a sudden attack" by the twenty Soviet divisions in East Germany "without resorting to atomic weapons, and without yielding ground". The estimated increase of Soviet forces to forty divisions in ten days could be met by twenty-six NATO Regular divisions, or twenty Regular divisions and a German highly trained citizen militia equivalent to ten divisions. If checked at this stage, "it is unlikely that the incursion would be continued" as it would invite nuclear retaliation and so defeat its own object.

Captain Liddell Hart argues that at present NATO forces are quite inadequate in mobility, flexibility, training and alertness to deal with such limited attacks. They should be fully armed with conventional arms. He is against the tactical nuclear weapon which would give tactical advantages to the Russians when used by them in retaliation and which might quickly lead to major suicidal nuclear war. On the other hand, he favours disabling non-lethal gas, such as mustard gas or "the latest types of nerve-gas" which "are much more effective still in producing a short-term disablement of the attackers, without killing".

We can only hope that the Government and NATO will take account of this expert and independent study, which incidentally endorses so much of Liberal policy.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

THE VOICE OF POETRY

The Voice of Poetry in the Conversation of Mankind. Michael Oakeshott. Bowes & Bowes. 10s. 6d.

Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts. C. V. Wedgwood. Cambridge. 25s.

Dark Conceit. Edwin Honig. Faber. 36s.

Paths to the appreciation of literature are many and infinitely varied. The three volumes here discussed are excellent examples of this diversity of approach.

Professor Oakeshott is the philosopher, attempting to quicken our awareness of poetry's rightful place and function at the present time; Miss Wedgwood is the historian, concerned to relate literature to its political context; Mr. Honig is the literary tradesman, the skilled artisan of criticism, whose craftsmanship is occasionally invalidated by the fact that his world appears to be bounded by his study walls. Yet all three add to our understanding, increase our knowledge, and serve to sharpen our sensibilities.

"As civilized human beings," writes Professor Oakeshott, "we are the inheritors, neither of an enquiry about ourselves and the world, nor of an accumulating body of information, but of a conversation, begun in the primeval forests and made more articulate in the course of centuries. It is the ability to participate in this conversation, and not the ability to reason cogently, to make discoveries about the world, or to contrive a better world, which distinguishes the human being from the animal and the civilised man from the barbarian."

Three hundred years ago the process of dividing the intellectual world into two halves was set in motion. Today the dichotomy of the "two cultures" appears to be complete and the conversation of mankind is monopolized by the voices of science, politics and commerce. Their stentorian tones have drowned the voice of poetry, relegating it to the status of a tranquillizer, suitable only for use in the intervals of a more practical discussion when it tends to imitate the voices that have superseded it, thus acquiescing in its own debasement.

In this unhappy and difficult situation the modest aim of Professor Oakeshott's essay is to consider the quality and significance of the voice of poetry and its relationship to the other voices. In the attempt he hopes only to say "something worthwhile on behalf of his poetry".

For those who have a true concern for poetry, therefore, Professor Oakeshott

may prove more stimulating than Miss Wedgwood and Mr. Honig. He defines poetry as "contemplative imagining" and reaches the unequivocal conclusion that "poetry has nothing to teach us about how to live or what we ought to approve." We may not agree but it is refreshing to be called upon to re-think our assessments of the fundamental value of poetry.

Miss Wedgwood's vigorous survey of topical verse in the 17th century and its influence on events, particularly her appreciation of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* ("that excoriating exposure of the Whig leaders under a transparent biblical disguise"), appears to be a direct refutation of the Professor's conclusion. Yet Marvell is the only poet of the century who, in Miss Wedgwood's words, "can make political verse fit into a balanced view of life." The Gunpowder Plot inspired a number of mediocre verses—Crashaw made three attempts at the theme—but only Phineas Fletcher achieved poetry.

The wide and remarkably varied selection of poems quoted in the book, though always interesting in their historical context, support the author's contention that a topical, political poem, "however wittily ingenious it may be, however tense with the moment's passion, is never so strong a candidate for immortality as one inspired by a perennial theme."

After the incisive clarity and wit of Miss Wedgwood's lively prose, Mr. Honig's earnest pedantry and skilled but humourless experiments in literary detection fail to inspire except when he contrives to light a cold candle in the more obscure corners of, say, Kafka or Herman Melville.

He is concerned with the meaning and making of allegory and attempts to invest the allegorical form with an importance and a significance denied to it by the majority of critics since Coleridge.

His book may turn a few readers back to *The Faerie Queene*, *Moby Dick*, or Kafka's *The Trial* with a deeper understanding but it will be among his fellow academics that it will have the greater impact.

B. EVAN OWEN

THE MYTH OF MANET

Portrait of Manet by Himself and His Contemporaries. Ed. by Pierre Courthion & Pierre Cailler. Trans. by Michael Ross. Cassell. 30s.

The Myth of Manet is very potent. It is a kind of passion and resurrection: he suffered at the hands of the critics and public but rose again to be hung on the walls of the Louvre. He is the advance painter's assurance of a future life of fame, and evidence that the public is always wrong.

Manet, however, actually wanted to be popular and was repeatedly shocked and surprised at the public's reaction. He thought he was simply painting ordinary modern subjects as he saw them, and that if the public would only look they would like them. It was the public who projected their antagonism on to the artist picturing him as a wild bohemian out to shock them. The battle was not so much about his subject matter and technique, though these were objected to, as about his relationship with the public.

The defence beginning with Zola has stuck very much to the same ground in trying to show that Manet was an ordinary person and a man of integrity. There are at least three works almost solely devoted to this question, including this one, made up as it is almost entirely of extracts from the letters of the artist, which contain very little about his art, and of contemporary criticisms and comments. It is well translated by Michael Ross from the French edition published in 1953, and I think it should help to modify the myth a little. It should show how far some of Manet's great admirers, Baudelaire and Zola for example, failed to understand him and should also prove that not all that his detractors said was nonsense; but, in the end, it should strengthen the myth because it cannot do anything but

reinforce our conviction that Manet was an honest painter who was cruelly mocked.

The only danger is that the myth may cause the scorn of the public to be taken as a guarantee of merit. This may be a danger to some but I think for most it is a legitimate encouragement.

MICHAEL COMPTON

FIGHTING INFLATION

Inflation and Society. Graham Hutton. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

Some of the soundest of sound sense and plainest of plain speech on the evils of inflation and its cure has come from Mr. Graham Hutton. In his latest book, he examines the causes of inflation in societies past and present, and prescribes methods of halting it. Among the first and foremost is Governmental action to preserve sound purchasing power.

If this book has one salutary lesson to offer—and it has many—it is that the cause, and pattern, of inflation has rarely changed; that if governments of the day had any regard for history and for the lessons of the past, they would act with more courage, faith and enthusiasm to avoid the consequences which have all been manifest before. Manifest in Ancient Greece, in the Roman Republic, and in the classic case of the Roman Empire, in Renaissance Europe and in the Napoleonic and First and Second World Wars.

True, governments have often attacked, and are still attacking inflation; but they concentrate, as Mr. Hutton tells us, on the surface symptoms, rather than on the disease. The most pressing inflationary force has usually come from governments themselves: in the form of enormously expanded powers of State. "In countries like Britain, Sweden, France and others where Socialists had come to power . . . after the war, socialism, with its century-old demand for state ownership . . . took unto itself even more powers over the lives, property, rights and freedoms of citizens and over enterprise . . . trade, transport and commerce . . . The State took unto itself the duties of doing for citizens what they would otherwise have done for themselves." The costs were met by securing extra revenue, thus adding to overall inflationary effect.

No wonder, as Mr. Hutton acidly observes, "whatever political party or coalition got power found itself faced with the dilemma of halting inflation by measures likely to lose it power, or of keeping the power at the cost of continuous inflation. The choice was only too fatally easy." Nor can any libertarian quarrel with the choice of courses which he sees confronting us: sound money and a free economy or getting much the same results by totalitarian controls, force, blood and iron. "If you try to straddle the two, you only get an inefficient, static, collectivist catastrophe; which is how a socialism pledged to inflation appears as contrasted with communism."

WILFRED ALTMAN

STEFAN GEORGE

Kommentar zu dem Werk Stefan George. Ernst Morwitz. Verlag Helmut Küpper. Düsseldorf. DM 40.

This commentary to the work of Stefan George represents a unique and novel form of literary exegesis. For a quarter of a century the author has been a close friend and companion of the poet and, in the judgment of an earlier biographer, he is the only one among surviving friends who could reveal the essential truth about Stefan George, if he were to write his recollections. This he has now achieved in the *Kommentar*, which in its calm matter-of-factness is an invaluable source book to the student and offers an authentic interpretation of the whole cycle of George's work.

The book, containing no apotheosis and no apostolate, is entirely unemotional. Dr. Morwitz paraphrases, explains and interprets, translating poems into prose,

supplying clues of time, place and persons, and many personal recollections of George's habits, opinions and judgments. The architecture of George's work is built up in relentless logic from the *Hymnen* to *Das Neue Reich*, each poem closely analysed and related to the spiritual moment and the human background of its inception. In his exegesis the value-judgment is implied only in the tone and intensity of the paraphrase, and never becomes explicit. Aided by his wide classical archaeological and historical knowledge Ernst Morwitz's clarification is vital to the understanding of enigmatic lines and poems.

The wisdom, learning and experience which unfold in the course of the book are in themselves an invaluable education for the reader. But perhaps the most vital contribution, and one which only this author was able to make, is his relating of individual poems to individual persons. For at all times George's work was conditioned by his search for companions who would relieve the loneliness and the despair of his early life and share the otherness of his existence. George employs much of his art as a means of finding and forming adequate companions. In his early books such companionship fills the dreams of the poet. Later he is favoured by the realization of these dreams and the finding of friends who share his aims and the loftiness of his ideals. Finally, a younger generation gathers around the poet, whose standards he can claim to have formed, and whose existence is the inspiration of his poems.

But other aspects of George's work are no less thoroughly investigated, to which Dr. Morwitz simply refers as *Auslegung*, the nearest analogy to the French *texte expliqué*. Such aspects are the Graeco-Roman, Christian and Germanic civilizations, questions of literary and architectural form, and the hostility of the poet to the material and political aspirations of his age. The "New Life" which he postulates for his followers is inscribed upon the tablets of his book, it is the praise of the selected few whom he has chosen, the image of a new youth, for whom the Hellenic past and Hölderlin are the tangible models. The last achievement of George's work is a short group of touchingly simple and poignant songs of which Dr. Morwitz says: "Stefan George who in his youth stood completely alone, was only able to write *Volkslieder* in his old age, after he had created a society of his own by means of his life and of his work."

F. M. GODFREY

IRON CURTAIN ECONOMY

Overcentralization in Economic Administration: A critical analysis based on experience in Hungarian light industry. János Kornai. Translated by John Knapp. Oxford University Press. 32s. 6d.

Visa for Poland. K. S. Karol. Translated by Mervyn Savill. McGibbon and Kee. 18s.

The Polish Volcano: A case history of hope. Flora Lewis. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

János Kornai's book was first published in Hungarian and then in English, which made it accessible to the West. Its author is a civil servant, deputy-minister of the Ministry of Industry, and thus was in a position to write also about his personal experiences. This book came to the West quite certainly with the agreement of the Kádár Government which enjoys Mr. Khrushchev's favours, in order to show an essential stage and cross-section of Hungarian industrial, economic life.

The introduction in the British publication shows that the author tries to be objective, not merely demonstrating the advantages and success of industrial planning, but unfolding its disadvantages and shortcomings. He lists all contrary opinions and faults found as a result of overcentralization by the economic administration. This strict objectivity is so that the West may see for itself that the

Hungarian economists tried "... to overcome the difficulties which stand in the way of a more perfect functioning of the socialist economy of the country."

From the Western point of view this book contains two important lessons. There is no harmony between the country's industry and commerce. Industry is working according to preliminary fixed plans concerning what and which quantities must be produced within the fixed time limit, and production must not differ from what is prescribed. The direct consequence is that there are often big unsold stocks piling up partly in factories, partly in wholesalers' stores. The financial strength and fixed credit limit of factories and wholesale commerce are completely exhausted, the enterprises are immobilized, and it is impossible to obtain credit in the course of a target year. The author says it this way: "... stocks and finished goods make the factories of the articles in question nervous. Centralization and nationalization have not yet been able to create co-operation between light industry and commerce." The other important lesson is that the author finds fault with excessive centralization which in his view is unfavourable, and which in the end is bound to lead to "... an incoherent, unfinished mechanism." He sees the only solution in giving local initiative to enterprises, investing them with more autonomy. This, however, according to practice and experience until now, cannot be done within a planned economy.

Almost at the same time two more good books have appeared dealing with another satellite country—Poland. The authors of both stayed several times in the country over longer or shorter periods, and became acquainted with Polish social, cultural and economic conditions "... largely from first hand knowledge." K. S. Karol deals thoroughly with agricultural collectivization. Collective agricultural production is the backbone of all economic problems not only in the satellite countries but also in the Soviet Union. At the end of 1959 Mr. Khrushchev himself pointed out in dramatic terms before the Supreme Soviet that the "... procurements of grain this year were about 46 m. tons against an average for the last four years of 48 m. tons." According to K. S. Karol, "... peasant question has been for Poland a kind of Trojan Horse which has compromised the success of the battle for industrialization." The book sees the reason for the troubles in agricultural life, which become more and more frequent, in that "... the instigators of this policy were not guided only by economic considerations. For them the most important thing was to liquidate the capitalist elements in the countryside, the rich peasants, known as *kulaks*." A more striking example for agricultural troubles is the fact that Poland, which formerly always came as an agricultural exporter to the world markets, suffered from a severe food crisis in 1959; and when in that year she was unable to remedy the meat shortage, which went from bad to worse, by introducing meatless days, the Soviet Union was forced to export live-stock and frozen meat to Poland.

The other book by Flora Lewis goes mainly into the details of the peasant problem while keeping to strict objectivity. The Communist farm policy never attracted the Polish peasantry and, when in September 1956, during the events in Poznan, the whole system was in danger of collapsing "... within a few weeks all but about 1,500 of the collectives were broken up. There was a crazy chaos in the countryside." The compulsory deliveries after the Poznan revolution were abolished but meat, grain and potatoes and remaining quotas were sharply reduced. Compulsory deliveries were a form of taxation, a means of reducing the peasants to sell to the State at fixed low prices. These three books teach us two things: first, that the co-operative economic system is not suitable to increase either the quantity or the quality of production in industry or in agriculture; secondly, that with such a system the standard of living cannot be raised to the same level as can be done with private initiative spreading over the whole economy.

JULIUS DOMANY

THE ORCHID HOUSE (*Cassell*. 25s.) In this illustrated study, Mr. Michael Edwardes provides a vivid account of the "splendours and miseries of the Kingdom of Oudh, 1827-1857", based so far as possible on contemporary sources. It is a sordid story of oriental extravagance, corruption and misrule, tolerated by the East India Company until the annexation of Oudh in 1856. It is a record of threats and vacillation by the British, torn between respect for the integrity of the Kingdom and disgust at the appalling conditions of injustice and maladministration. As this volume shows, the system of a British Resident to advise the Oudh Government was utterly ineffective to promote reform. Even after the Company decisively intervened, it was unable to forestall the subsequent revolt supported by the old vested interests. Mr. Edwardes' appreciation of this tragic period is one of great interest and of value to the history of the British in India.

THE SILENT ROAD (*Neville Spearman*. 15s.). This is an extraordinary tome. Major W. Tudor Pole records simply, reverently and with complete conviction his "supernormal experiences" during half a century in this country, Europe and the Middle East. They include many instances of visits by departed spirits, and communion with them, communications from living persons physically far away, and examples of prevision. These experiences came to Major Tudor Pole unsought and unaided by any spiritualist media. He freely acknowledges that it would be "most surprising" if his experiences were now accepted by science. But "in almost every field of research the so-called fantasies of yesterday often become the facts of to-day". No doubt the rationalist will seek to explain them away; but the open mind will find it much harder to reject out of hand the spiritual quality of this provoking book.

SCARLET AND ERMINE. (*William Kimber*. 25s.) In this very readable book, Mr.

J. P. Eddy, Q.C. writes of famous trials "as I saw them" in the capacity of journalist, Counsel or trained observer. He has covered many of the most celebrated cases, from the wrongful convictions of Adolf Beck over half a century ago until the recent trials of Marwood and Podola. Although most of the ground is well worn, Mr. Eddy often has something new to say. For example, he recently studied the Casement Diaries, and is convinced of their authenticity. Mr. Eddy has some advanced ideas about punishment, but he still believes in the death penalty. He is, for example, satisfied that Marwood was properly hanged although that case "has certainly shown once more the need for . . . some other system of taking statements from suspected persons". He believes that the person must be left to make his statement entirely on his own. In the Podola case, Mr. Eddy is also quite satisfied that justice was correctly done.

BETSY SHERIDAN'S JOURNAL. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 30s.) Mr. William LeFanu has edited the letters written to his great-great-grandmother, Alicia LeFanu in Dublin by her younger sister, Betsy. The journal covers two periods, September 1784 to September 1786 and July 1788 to March 1790. She lived with her father, Thomas Sheridan, the Irish actor, until his death in August 1788. During this period, her letters describe the daily domestic and social round of the leisured and literary class in London, and fashionable watering places such as Bath and Tunbridge Wells. After her father's death until her own marriage a year later, she lived with her famous brother, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to whom she was devoted. These later letters give a vivid picture of the world of fashion. "I have had a peep at the Raree Show of the great world without trouble or risk". We are given glimpses, from personal social contacts, of the Royal Family, the grandees, and, of most interest, of great political figures such as Burke and Fox, as well as her own brother.